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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

That our press at times is fertile and ingenious in the news columns we all agree; but it is too much to believe that it has taken to writing the German Emperor's speeches for him. This is what the "Lokalanzeiger", however, suggests. It insists that the "We are ready" speech reported a few days ago was never uttered by the Emperor, and indeed was made up in England. There is not an English journalist who could do it—the German Emperor has no Mr. Stead. And indeed the "Times" correspondent points out that the speech was actually given in a German paper. So in this particular case it was the German not the English journalist who invented the speech or part of it. But it does almost look as if some English fingers touched it up. "Let them all come on!" the Emperor is made to say. Now the true ring of an English music hall is in that.

The only striking incident in the Republican Convention at Chicago is the fifty minutes' cheer for President Roosevelt. On the business side, Mr. Taft's nomination had been discounted long since. But Americans can now add to their score of world's records probably the longest cheer ever given for anybody. Mr. Roosevelt must feel that he is Cincinnatus and Brutus and Washington all in one now! How pleased this hard-headed man must be with his countrymen's exhibition of intelligence. Mr. Bryce must bring out a new edition of his "Commonwealth" to add this to his instances of American political enthusiasm. It is about on a par with the so many hundred thousand lunatics he mentions who marched round New York on a pouring day, shouting for the space of two hours "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine: We don't care a bit for the rain". Our quotation may not be textual, but it's near enough.

A debate on closure resolutions is a barren performance, as it is quite obvious that at present any Government must closure if it is to get through its work. The arguments for and against are repeated every time. But there is a difference between the Pensions Bill and ordinary legislation which is acknowledged even by good party Liberals. For the first time a Bill committing the House to an expenditure of £7,500,000 a year is to be closed. The Government have been challenged to explain ways and means, but have got off on a technical point. Now when Mr. Lloyd George proposes his guillotine resolution there are only to be four days for the committee stage, and only one day each for report and the third reading. To rush such a Bill through is a headstrong thing. Mr. Lloyd George was unusually nervous the other evening about not going beyond the cost as at present fixed, but he has agreed to a sliding scale, and this must make the finance clauses much more complicated than they were originally.

The Licensing Bill has something to do with this guillotining. To make time for dealing with the Licensing Bill this session, which the Government did not want to do, all their business has had to be rearranged and Peter the Pension Bill has to be robbed to pay Paul the Licensing Bill. The teetotallers took alarm at the arrangement to put off the Licensing Bill this session. They were told it was impossible with the other necessary business to do anything for them; and they suspected that one of the Government's cold fits had succeeded to a hot one. A little gentle squeezing, as Lady Frances Balfour said of the Woman's Suffrage question, has had its effect; and Mr. Asquith made it up with the teetotallers at the National Liberal Club with a fervid paragraph about their beloved Bill and a promise to give it a run before the session closes.

It was impossible for Conservatives to vote against the second reading of the Pensions Bill, the principle being approved, though some, Mr. Balfour amongst them, did not vote. There are so many serious objections to the methods of the Government, on the financial side especially, that abstention from voting for the Bill is not surprising. Mr. Asquith pressed Mr. Balfour to say whether, if he would not vote for the Bill, he would vote for Mr. Cox's amendment which declared against any but a contributory scheme. There

was nothing formidable in the posed dilemma. If Mr. Balfour did not vote, Mr. Walter Long, who would have preferred a contributory scheme, voted for the Bill.

This Bill raises a little point in ethics worth touching on. Supposing an old husband and wife, bed-ridden, receive the pension, that is sixpence and three-sevenths of a penny per day apiece; and they employ a poor neighbour to come in two or three times a week and cook a dinner for them. Suppose the neighbour falls down stairs and is lamed for life. Now is it right that the pensioned couple should insure this neighbour? And if they do not and she sue them, and get a verdict, will she be able to lay hold of any portion of this 6 $\frac{3}{7}$ d. per day that the State pays them apiece? One has heard so much lately about the old couples living together—"short and simple annals of the poor"—that a little question of this kind may be quite easy for Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues to clear up.

The Irish Universities Bill has got through its first really serious trial. In committee Mr. Butcher's amendment, which would refuse the University degree to Maynooth students who had not been in residence for two years in Dublin, was rejected. This was really a nonconformist revolt against the Bill: a serious menace for Mr. Birrell to face. From a party point of view we might wish more power to these Liberal malcontents; but Irish higher education is far too grave a matter for us to look at it as a pawn in political play. This amendment, if passed, would have killed the Bill, for the Bishops could not have accepted it. This would be a great misfortune. It is for the Governing Body of the University to fix the standard for degrees, and Maynooth will have to comply with it. Nobody of men need higher education more than the parish priests of Ireland. To pass a University Bill which would not reach them would be to miss the point of the whole thing.

The truth is this nonconformist revolt is really an attack on denominationalism. Had Maynooth been an undenominational college, we should never have heard of any objection to its affiliation to the new Dublin University. Liberals who try to impose undenominationalism upon us in England are consistent in wishing to do the same in Ireland. But how can a Unionist, who stands up against the Government for denominational teaching in England, oppose it in Ireland? It is utterly inconsistent. No doubt Mr. Birrell is equally inconsistent; but that is on his conscience, not ours. We wish the Bill to pass; at the same time we cannot help seeing it has many obstacles yet to get over. Will Mr. Lloyd George and his nonconformist stalwarts give Mr. Birrell the money his university scheme requires?

In his National Liberal Club speech Mr. Asquith prepared the way for what he had to say about the Licensing Bill by a general disquisition on legislative business. He will have to select and concentrate. But how is he to do this? He has three big Bills on hand—the Licensing Bill, the Education Bill, and the Old Age Pensions Bill. If he had been free to select he would not have tried to drive these three coaches at once through Temple Bar. But the partisans of the first two would not let him select, and he could not drop either. The third had to be rushed to dish the Conservatives and to be ready for the elections. The consequence is that licensing and education are more or less in a state of inanimate suspension; and the Pensions Bill has to be severely closed. Then Mr. Asquith touched on the stock subjects of standing committees and local devolution, and as to closure he declared with all the Parliamentary unction at his command that he will "recognise to the full in the public interest the importance—nay, the paramount necessity—of preserving for the House of Commons its freedom as a deliberative assembly". This must show the Opposition how unreasonably exacting they are.

Mr. Asquith has now published the fact that the members of the Government are extraordinarily well agreed among each other. A politician once said of

his opponents: "Where they are agreed they are not precise, and where they are precise they are not agreed." So that perhaps the members of the Government are not precise. But as to their precision Mr. Asquith did not say anything. He only dwelt on the perfect harmony that lives in the hotel Asquith. It is fortunate that Mr. Asquith has no relations to put just now in office. They might cause family jars.

But seeing that membership of a Liberal Government nowadays exercises such a lulling effect on otherwise rather turbulent spirits; seeing that Liberal Imperialists such as Lord Wolverhampton and pro-Boers like Mr. Lloyd George can lie down in the same fold—a respectful distance from each other—why not bring in Mr. Harold Cox at the first vacancy? Mr. Asquith, in a bitter-sweet passage in his speech on Tuesday, admitted Mr. Cox's great ability. There was a faint reminder of Disraeli's gibe at Lowe in Mr. Asquith's remark that, if there were need at any time, a constituency should be found for so "useful" a member as Mr. Cox. Why not absorb anti-socialist Mr. Cox as pro-socialist Mr. Masterman has been absorbed? After all the best way to make an individualist a collectivist is to put him in the Cabinet.

There is something piquant in the idea of Sir Frederick Banbury bringing in a Bill. We hope he will not through sheer force of habit talk it out on second reading; for it is a good little Bill which proposes to make the catching of birds with hooks illegal. This is a hateful practice, sounding like some refinement of Chinese torture. May Sir Frederick Banbury find nobody to block the progress of his Bill, which was given a first reading on Wednesday! And we hope nobody may be so ill-natured as to propose an amendment bringing fish within the scope of the Act. For whether it be unkind or not, a hook is the obvious thing to catch a fish with, as a worm is the obvious thing to put on the hook—though, as Walton says, you shall put him on as though you loved him.

There was a gingerly tone about most of the criticism of the Territorial Army scheme in the House this week; as though it were unpatriotic not to bless and encourage Mr. Haldane's child. No doubt Mr. Haldane would wish to foster this attitude. We do not see it at all. The machinery of the scheme is useful; that we have: it is there for use when the steam is forthcoming. But as a voluntary scheme it is a fraud. We know from certain authorised hints to county organisers that the standard of soldiery will be no higher than it was with the Volunteers. The £5 fine is a mere bogey. Why should we wish the men to be forthcoming? If, a most remote if, Mr. Haldane gets his men, the country will go comfortably to sleep in a fool's paradise. If the scheme breaks down for want of men, we shall at last be brought up short. There will be a new situation indeed, which one remedy only can meet.

At the Colonial Institute on Tuesday Lord Milner took what he called "a peep into a somewhat distant future". The horoscope is one of material changes in the relations of the constituent parts of the British Empire. On our capacity to evolve some sort of new organisation suited to a new condition of things, he said, depends the future. Everything at present is so loose and indeterminate that Lord Milner finds it impossible even to give a name to the widely different groups of States which make up the Empire. He spoke of the colonies governed from Downing Street as dependent, but the alternative term would not correctly describe the autonomous States. It is of course absurd that Australia and Singapore should both be called colonies and both be dealt with by one office. With the dependent part of the Empire, again, the other part has no sympathy; otherwise we should not see British Indians treated as undesirables and outcasts. Revision of an "antiquated system" is more than due.

The full text of the Indian Newspapers Act does not lessen the mistrust raised by the summary. Its

preamble says that it is to prevent incitements to disorder and other offences—limited in the text to murder, acts of violence, and offences under the Explosives Act. The large class of dangerous, because subtle, schemes to make administration impossible remains untouched—conspiracy to refuse payment of taxes, concerted strikes of railway or postal services, boycotting of Europeans and their servants, and other diverse forms of intimidation in which the Oriental is an expert. Even the preaching of sedition, unless accompanied by specific suggestions of violence, does not come within the scope of the Act. Worst of all there is no suggestion of prevention except in the preamble. All the provisions relate to the punishment of acts and none to prevention. Even the clause as to the repetition or continuance of the proscribed acts will be futile, because it can be so easily evaded.

The two provisions which might be effective are left out. Every newspaper ought to be licensed and the authorities should have discretion to refuse a licence to any but responsible persons of good character, not after but *before* the newspaper has done its evil work. And unless the plant and premises represent a substantial value whose forfeiture would be some deterrent, an adequate security or deposit should be required. With these simple precautions we should hear little more of the "imprisonment editor" and the ramshackle press worked by a man and a boy in some outhouse. Such restrictions are not needed in the case of a London daily—but they are badly needed in rural Bengal.

Mulai Hafid's cause appears to be winning all along the line. Even the natives of Tangiers are prepared to declare for him, and France will soon be faced with the unpleasant necessity of deciding whom she will recognise as Sultan of Morocco. M. Clemenceau has said that France is not backing Abd-el-Aziz, but without France he would not have held on so long, and the recognition of Mulai Hafid would summarily dispose of whatever remnant of his authority remains. Whole mehallas are deserting to Mulai Hafid, and in Fez the reaction to barbarism seems pretty well complete. Abd-el-Aziz undoubtedly suffered in popularity from his European leanings, and his successful rival will have nothing about him which offends Moslem susceptibilities. He is even said to have gone the childish lengths of abolishing the electric lights and tearing down the portraits of European Sovereigns which he found in the palace.

The friends of Dinizulu are over-reaching themselves. Miss Colenso, it seems, was not allowed to act as interpreter between the chief and his counsel because it was feared that her attempts to influence public opinion in England would react on public opinion in Natal to the prejudice of the prisoner. Certain members of the House of Commons have maintained a dropping fire of questions concerning Dinizulu's salary and things in Natal generally. Really, we think the self-constituted champions may safely leave these matters to Ministers. Undue regard for the susceptibilities of the Natal authorities is not likely to be found in Downing Street just now. Irritation is caused in Natal, whose Prime Minister has this week expressed in strong terms the Colony's resentment of the abuse to which it has been subject. The differences between the Imperial and the Natal Governments will find more satisfactory settlement if the busybodies are suppressed.

It is to be feared that if the papers reserved a special corner once each week for the witticism of the week, it would be often left blank. There is no wit to speak of to-day, only a feeble imitation of it which people are fond of calling the saving sense of humour. Therefore on the rare occasions when wit does "flash from fluent lips" we ought to treasure it. The Speaker of the House of Commons was witty during questions on Thursday. There is in India a native named Khudisam Bhowe who is under sentence of death. Mr. Rees referred to some of his previous offences. Mr. Mackarness was instantly in arms. Was it in order to

refer to the offences of a condemned man thus? "As he is under sentence of death", replied the Speaker, "I do not see how it can affect him."

The Pan-Anglican Congress is hard at work. It has plainly got a real grip of the public, at any rate of a large number of the public. Apparently, too, this great meeting is more free of the professional congress-going element than congresses usually are. And the picnic business is not offensively to the front. If the audiences can rise to the level of the subjects they discuss, the gathering will not be lacking in high gravity. It opened with one of the gravest matters the Church has to deal with, the marriage-tie. Mr. George W. E. Russell made an eloquent appeal to Anglicans throughout the world to stand together against laxity—growing laxity. Mr. Russell sees—in matters of marriage. We are entirely with him. The Church needs to adopt a clear strong tone against the marriage of divorced parties. It may be awkward at times; but the business of the Church is not to make her peace with the world.

Lord Rosebery's character sketch of Lord Kelvin was fine and felt. "What most struck me was his tenacity, his laboriousness, his indefatigable humility. In him was visible none of the superciliousness and scorn which sometimes embarrass the strongest intellects. Without condescension he placed himself at once on a level with his companion. That has seemed to me characteristic of such great men of science as I have met." We have often wondered how it is that whilst the great men of science—the Darwins, Kelvins—are like this, the smaller men, the men who have never originated anything, but have merely tried to suck in the ideas of the masters, so often are impatient, spiteful, jealous, assertive, impressed as profoundly by their own superiority as by the stupidity of nine-tenths of humanity. That this is the attitude of the lesser fry of science, its sticklebacks and tadpoles, no one will deny. The little scientist is almost invariably too clever by half. He hangs up pictures of Darwin in his study. His talk is of Darwin. Yet he has as little of the heart as he has of the brain of that great master.

If Lord Derby did not attain the eminence of his father neither did he, like his brother, make his name a synonym for halting and irritating statesmanship. As to the Colonies and the Conservative party he helped to repair some of the mischief his predecessor had worked. There was a certain grim humour in his appointment by Lord Salisbury to the Colonial Secretaryship which his brother received from Mr. Gladstone as the reward of ratting. In Canada, as in Lancashire, Lord Derby, by an enlightened but unobtrusive sympathy with the interests of those entrusted to his charge, made hosts of friends who will deeply regret his early death. Level-headed and "safe", he was an ideal President alike of the British Empire League and the Committee of the Franco-British Exhibition.

Sir John Day, the ex-Queen's Bench Judge, who has died during the week, was a strange figure, whether on the Bench or in the dress of ordinary life. He was grim, saturnine and taciturn, and yet he was a recognised judicial humourist who did not make jests but was mordantly sarcastic. He was known as the flogging Judge—when Day became Knight the cats came out—as Hawkins was the hanging Judge; neither of them was a sentimentalist, as their chief the Lord Chief Justice Coleridge was. Many jokes were made turning on Day's name, but we have not seen repeated the one made by Sir James Mathew when on Day's marriage it was remarked that he had taken a new lease of life. Yes, said the other Irish judicial humourist, a re-pairing lease. A characteristic of Sir James Day was that his very unusual type of physiognomy was adorned with the "weeper"—a form of whisker which passed away from the judicial Bench with Baron Huddleston, and from the Bar almost, except for Sir Edward Clarke, though it was one time a popular forensic compromise between the bare face and the full beard.

There is no doubt that the Woman Suffragists did a fine stroke of business by their imposing procession. No one could watch its seemingly interminable progress without being conscious that there was a feeling of surprise in the crowd which made it almost comically respectful and solemn. What we think impressed it most was the number of women wearing the gowns and hats of almost all the faculties in the Universities. Few had ever thought that women could make so brave a show of academic distinctions or were engaged in so many occupations which supply the élite of the male voters. But the demonstration was not a conclusive application of Mr. Asquith's test. Even fifteen thousand women Suffragists in procession do not settle this question; but they showed that the more serious side of the movement had been underrated. Thursday's apostrophe from a steam-launch to members having tea on the terrace was humorous. One hopes tomorrow's procession will be as harmless.

It is curious that the three most famous mystifications of recent years have been exploded in very much the same way. In Madame Humbert's case it was the opening of a safe; in the Druce case the opening of a coffin; now in the last of them, the Lemoine case, it is the opening of a sealed envelope deposited with a bank. To think of proceedings before the magistrate in London to obtain the production of the envelope and the appeal to the High Court is to make one smile when one knows what the precious document actually was. "C'est une joyeuse fumisterie" one of the assistants at the opening of the envelope is reported to have said. Rather un-humorous however for Sir Julius Wernher.

M. Lemoine has disappeared to parts unknown, but with natural French politeness and gaiety he sent a note to M. Poittevin, the magistrate who was to open the envelope, that he regretted he could not keep the appointment. He had already explained to the magistrate that the envelope did not contain the real formula for making diamonds. It is distressing that during the time he has been allowed for making diamonds adverse circumstances have baffled him, but he will return some day with a diamond of the most real. Certes! c'est une joyeuse fumisterie!

It is pleasant to think that there will be but one more senior wrangler after this. Really the newspapers make everything they touch a nuisance. Why this prodigious fuss because a Jew is bracketed first with a Christian? Did anyone ever suppose Jews to be short of brains? And as for a senior wrangler coming from the ranks, it is only some very violent democrat who could be snob enough to be surprised at a working man's child having brains. Given the brains, social separation from the bulk of undergraduates is a help instead of a hindrance to success in competitive examination. Happily there will soon be at any rate one excuse the less for the interviewing of undergraduates, and all such offensive drivel.

"Miss Whitelaw Reid's trousseau." What would Delane have thought of this as the subject for a full half-column article in the "Times"? Details of "many dozens of dainty lingerie", of "white petticoats", of "linen coats and skirts", of "sheets, pillow-cases, and tea-cloths", do they not indeed suggest the "Thunderer"? How important to know that "every article of linen made for the American Ambassador's daughter is of the finest linen"; that "of blouses Miss Reid also will have dozens". "Nor is the house-linen of less beauty than the personal lingerie." "Tea-cloths sufficient in number to fill a large deep drawer surpass even the bedspreads in beauty and variety." Well, it is a capital advertisement for certain milliners in Mount Street, whose name appears at the end, just as the advertiser's name always emerges somewhere in the articles "based on notes prepared by a member of the 'Times' advertisement staff". Business of course is business; but we should doubt if any other Ambassador in the world would care to have his daughter's linen thus exhibited in the public press.

PAN-ANGLICAN PROBLEMS

WILL the Pan-Anglican Congress mark a turning-point in the history of the Church of England, or will it be remembered as a Church Congress picnic differing from other such picnics only in its cosmopolitan or imperial scale? To save it from this degradation its organisers have spared no pains, and up to the present the tone of its meetings has reached an intellectual level of a not mean order. On the other hand the foolish language which popular journalism uses about the gathering is calculated to bring on its work grave and undeserved discredit. This week the halfpenny-newspaper man has discovered the existence of Anglicanism beyond the seas, and is writing as one appalled in the presence of a startling phenomenon. The contradictory descriptions which he applies to the unhappy Congress amply reveal his ignorance of the subject and the confusion of his mind. At one time he dubs it the "Church Congress of the world". At another he hails the greatest of oecumenical councils. Later (is it that a suspicion has crossed his mind that his "no popery" readers may be frightened by the presence of an oecumenical council on English shores?) he becomes more conventional, and raises his hat to the Congress as a great rallying-centre of British Imperialism, in strange oblivion of the fact that not a few of our ecclesiastical guests have come from the land of the Stars and Stripes. Crude folly of this sort on the part of those who cater for the less educated section of the public may do incalculable mischief. The present condition of Anglicanism in the British Empire and the United States is not one that calls for exultation or self-complacency on the part of its children. In truth, as its past record is largely one of lost opportunities, so its present position suggests anxious reflections. The worst point in the tall talk about the Congress is the emphasis laid not only by our friend the halfpenny journalist but even by more responsible persons on the so-called "imperial mission of the Church". To American delegates such language is discourteous; but, even if Anglicanism were limited to the area covered by the British flag, it would none the less be insulting to the Church. For an Empire to use religion as a means of forcing an alien language or alien customs on subject races is seldom a profitable matter, and it is degrading to the religion so employed. It is no doubt true that the disappearance of Anglicanism from the colonies would be a loss to our Empire. Anglicans are naturally loyalists, and the Book of Common Prayer and the Church Catechism are so bound up with English literature and English history that a nation which knew nothing of them would be severed from the most inspiring of our national traditions. To imagine however that Anglicanism either would or could spread the sort of modern civilisation that finds expression, say, in the marriage laws of the present-day Legislatures of the English-speaking races is absurd, as is satisfactorily shown by the significant discussion on divorce in one of Tuesday's Congress sittings. It is unfortunate but it is true that the Christian civilisation for which Anglicanism stands is not the civilisation of the Empire as a whole. There are even signs that Anglicans in many parts of the Empire will become more and more "a peculiar people". Incidentally the Church may strengthen and purify the Empire; but its mission is not to promote any earthly empire or by any earthly empire to be bounded.

The Congress seems fully alive to the seriousness of the task of bringing Christianity to those who know it not, and the public is more sympathetic on the subject than it was twenty years ago. It is satisfactory that some past mistakes are fully understood. It is recognised that it is absurd to present Christianity to an educated Hindu or Mohammedan as before the aborigines of Polynesia. Perhaps however even the Congress has not fully realised that it is no more necessary for the Anglican missionary to convert native races to British customs and modes of life than it was incumbent on the Christian missionaries of the fifth and sixth centuries to impose the code of Byzantium or the dress of Rome on the Franks or Saxons whom they led to the font. In the past our missionaries have so mismanaged matters that especially in India and China they have excited

against Christianity all the higher feelings of national patriotism. To remove this prejudice is a task as difficult as it is necessary. The duty of the Anglican missionary of the future will be to approach the great religions and nationalities of the East in a tone of sympathy and respect. It must be his aim to train his converts to be not imitation Englishmen, but genuine patriots of their own race. If he can do this there is every reason to hope that the Gospel will successfully appeal to the disciples of Buddha and Confucius.

The past failure in the mission field of Asia has been due in no small measure to the lack of education and imagination on the part of the Anglican missionary. Unhappily the same defects are apparent in other fields of Church activity. Year by year the standard of culture among our divines grows lower, and the Church of England, once the home of sound learning, now showers its favours only on what is called "practical work". Our theology is languishing, Bishop Gore alone maintains the high standard of the Oxford Movement. Never at any period of our history did the clergy do less for literature than they do to-day. Even the great race of clerical pamphleteers, which from the days of Atterbury so profoundly affected English religion and politics, seems to be defunct with Canon Malcolm MacColl. One can only hope that the present Congress may give a new stimulus to intellectual interests among our priests.

But the great danger of the time, which indeed explains most of our other shortcomings, is the flabbiness of the Episcopal Bench. It is a bitter, but it is likewise a true, thing to say that the average man expects from the forthcoming Lambeth Conference nothing but a string of platitudes expressed in canonical language. No doubt those who like the "Westminster Gazette" dread Church influence are eager that the Bishops should just humour the average Protestant layman and leave aside the graver questions of faith. So doing, we are told, the Church will prove itself truly Anglican. Suffice it to reply, that if the Anglicans of a bygone day, say at the time of the Puritan Revolution, had consulted popular prejudice in this manner, there would be living to-day no Anglicans for the "Westminster Gazette" to patronise. A firm stand for principle then gave to Anglicanism its poetry and its tradition. To-day there is need for a like firmness. The presence of the Prime Minister at Monday's banquet cannot blind us to the fact that the Empire in its marriage laws and its educational systems has deliberately broken with Anglicanism. The old union of Christian and State law is at an end. The Bishops therefore are bound to resume their ancient position as legislators for the Christian flock. We do not expect from our Lambeth Prelacy the heroism of the Fathers of Nicæa nor even the boldness of the Fathers of Constance. But we do trust that this week's demonstrations will bring to their minds that there are behind them devoted flocks craving for a clear statement on the religious and moral principles which are binding on the children of the Church. Let the Bishops meet the desire of the faithful by a brave assertion of these principles and for once in their history rate these principles higher than the opinion of the powers that be in State and press. This will kindle a new Church enthusiasm in every diocese that acknowledges the Primacy of Canterbury, an enthusiasm which may be the herald of a great religious and intellectual revival. But if they talk the platitudes pleasing to the Erastian and Laodicean, they will, as far as in them lies, crush the enthusiasm that is now rising for the Church and doom Anglicanism to practical powerlessness and intellectual sterility.

PENSIONS AND PENNY WISDOM.

"SO long as you have taxes imposed upon commodities which are consumed practically by every family in the country, there is no such thing as a non-contributory scheme." Thus Mr. Lloyd George, moving the second reading of the Pensions Bill. Unionists will not quarrel with the statement; it is a simple confirmation of the attitude adopted by their party. They have the assurance of the Chancellor of

the Exchequer that he regards pensions as being partly paid for by indirect taxation—leaving aside for the moment the question that the actual money yet remains to be found. It is admitted on all hands that the present pension scheme is tentative, a mere forerunner of a largely extended and therefore much more expensive future system. So far as any existing suggestions for increasing the revenue are known, the only possible way of raising money is an increase of that indirect taxation which Mr. Lloyd George tells us makes the people contributors to any pension scheme paid for exclusively out of central taxation. Contributory schemes have died hard, but their advocates are still to be heard prophesying all kinds of evil. Much has been said concerning the discouragement of thrift and the profit to wastrels at the expense of workers. This, though no doubt important, is not the main question at issue. Any contributory scheme would automatically shut the door in the face of those thousands who have been cradled in want and are doomed for life to the narrowest margin of existence. To such a class friendly societies are unknown and savings banks but a name. They have never had anything to save; in work they have existed; out of it they have starved and hoped, or, more often, despaired. Such people are the product of our modern system of industrialism which at last, and wisely, has begun to consider and to help them. They have done their best with what the system has given them, and should no longer be classed with idlers, drunkards and wastrels. German and other continental schemes have been far too freely borrowed and too loosely employed as illustrations. It should hardly be necessary to point out that the success of any social experiment inevitably depends upon the habit of mind and environment of the people among whom it is to be tried, yet this elementary fact seems never to have entered the minds of the advocate of foreign systems. Continental nations have become used, even in the pettiest details of life, to systems of registration, classification and inquisition which are entirely alien from English ways, and would never be tolerated by English people.

So far the Government have made but one concession; they will admit some form of sliding scale—probably to the limit of the pension. They still remain obdurate in the case of married persons and relatives living together. From the speeches of Ministers in the debate the excuse appears to be that, the household expenditure of two, being in proportion less than of one, there should be a corresponding reduction. There is as little in the argument as there would be in the amount of money saved, and we hope the Opposition will continue to press for the deletion of a clause which for the sake of a petty economy works an unjustifiable hardship on those who wish to enjoy their small pensions in company. Mr. Lloyd George has evidently felt the force of the objection to the use of the word "misbehaviour" as a means of excluding certain undesirables from the scheme, and it is satisfactory to note that words are to be chosen which will make it clear that the test is to be one of industry and not of character. The Courts rightly construe statutes rigidly as they find them, and consequently there must be no possibility of unfortunate workers being placed in the same category as deliberate shirkers. The friendly societies have undoubtedly become alarmed for their future, and in consequence are asking for special treatment. Their membership probably reaches nearly a quarter of the population, and the weight of all this influence is being steadily exerted on individual members of Parliament. They ask that anything paid out by their lodges in the way of sick aid or pension shall be excluded in computing the limit of income which qualifies for a pension. Though, on the face of it, reasonable, this claim gives them an unfair preference over other forms of thrift. It must not be forgotten that many friendly society lodges are, through bad management, in an unsound financial condition, and a prudent man will show his prudence in avoiding them. He should not be penalised because he prefers the safer savings bank or a little real property by the help of a building society. The argument that friendly societies must be helped because pensions will operate to compete with them is untenable. The country has decided to have pensions,

and if friendly societies cannot meet them on a competitive basis the economic reason for their existence in that respect disappears. In reality the number of friendly societies carrying on pension schemes is very small. The country by taking on its own shoulders this form of insurance will enable them to devote all their energy to sick and burial benefits, and incidentally to consolidate a financial position in many cases none too firm. This difficulty, like many others in the Bill, could be got rid of at once by the alteration of the income limit, which is, as we have always contended, far too low. Anyhow this limit, like age, present pauperism and many other exceptions, is only tentative, and will be altered in the future. Any scheme which preserves a low limit will perpetuate class distinction and render the pensioner, in the eyes of the public generally, merely another kind of pauper. Not until all classes other than the rich may take their pension will the public cease to associate it with pauperism.

Mr. Lloyd George's one plea to every suggested amendment of a scheme that he evidently dislikes is want of money, and yet unless he adopts the logical corollary to the sentence with which this article opens no means of raising the money required—now grown to seven millions and a half—appears. In this respect Mr. Haldane's contribution to the debate is well worth noting, as he evidently wishes to insinuate that the great saving expected from the new poor law system the Royal Commission is to give us will, together with the conversion of many paupers into pensioners, almost pay for the increased cost of the existing scheme, even when extended in the future. But only the present grants in aid from the Imperial Exchequer could be ear-marked for that purpose, everyone agreeing that existing local rates are all too high. Still many millions would remain to be found. They can be raised in one way only. Mr. Harold Cox, taking up Mr. Lloyd George's gibe at him as the "champion of lost causes", hit home when he asked Mr. Lloyd George if the lost cause was free trade.

CONVENTIONS AND REALITIES IN AMERICA.

HUMOUR is supposed to be a special American quality, but when politics are in question it is conspicuously absent. This has always been so and we may suppose will remain so. Certainly we do not believe there is any other community of civilised men which would shout "Four, four, four years more" for fifty minutes. The demonstration of Mr. Roosevelt's worshippers may have as much devotion in it, but has no more reason than that of Diana's votaries at Ephesus. All great gatherings of men are of course liable to be swept off their feet at a moment's notice by waves of enthusiasm, it may be the result of genuine feeling, aroused by some great oratorical effort, such as that of Mr. Bryan in the famous "cross of gold" speech, or it may be cunningly engineered by partisans. At Chicago it is clear that the Republican organisers have had a hard task to keep the gathering from a Roosevelt stampede. There is nothing specially imposing about Mr. Taft, who is a competent lawyer, but will owe any popularity he may possess to being got up, as "Punch" suggests, to look as like the President as possible, but nevertheless the Convention would have had Mr. Roosevelt again if it could.

In the planks of the party platform there is little to be found to rouse great enthusiasm, and what there may be is due to its being Mr. Roosevelt's policy. The amusing thing is that this policy is almost identical with that which will be put forward by the Democrats. In fact Mr. Bryan's friends assert, and with some show of justice, that the President has only borrowed Mr. Bryan's wardrobe in order to drape his candidate becomingly. It is undoubtedly true that Mr. Bryan in August 1906, in his famous speech in Madison Square Gardens, proposed that the criminal clause should be enforced against the Trusts, that "government by injunction" should be curtailed, that arbitration in labour disputes and an eight-hour law should be enacted, that a graduated income tax should be imposed, that campaign contributions from corporations should be prohibited, and that a federal licence should be required for corporations. All of these

measures were recommended six months later to Congress by the President.

But it would not in truth be quite fair to assume that these drastic proposals were the original output of Mr. Bryan's imagination unscrupulously appropriated for his own purposes by Mr. Roosevelt. It is much more likely to be true that both, being men of discernment and experience, gauged the extent of the grave abuses existing in American public life, and saw that they must be seriously met and overthrown if possible. Indeed the most notable fact in American politics to-day is the actual identity of party programmes, there being hardly any difference except in phrases. With regard to external policy, there may be no doubt considerable divergence between the "big stick" school of Mr. Roosevelt and the anti-imperialism of Mr. Bryan, and we do not feel at all sure that the "Little American" view of foreign affairs may not meet with a very large amount of popular support. Both the House of Representatives and the Senate at the present time are clearly opposed to any great growth in armaments, as was evident from their rejection of the President's proposal to construct two extra battleships, in spite of his own active intervention in the controversy. Such signs of a complete change in American politics, as shown by the unreality of party cries, as well as an inclination to ignore altogether constitutional traditions formerly considered binding, give whatever interest it may possess to the coming political struggle. Mr. Roosevelt is not a genius, he is only the ordinary American magnified. He is popular because he holds the mirror to every man who there sees himself brightened up and filled out. He is quite easy to understand, so is Mr. Taft, who, however, has not Mr. Roosevelt's other advantages; but if Mr. Bryan secures the Democratic nomination again, as he almost certainly will, we shall have at all events on one side a figure with the touch of romance which helps to make even American politics attractive. Mr. Bryan is also associated, as we have shown, in a very special manner with the most popular items of Mr. Roosevelt's programme. The amusing fact is that Mr. Roosevelt and his policy are opposed to a Republican Legislature, while they are practically at one with Mr. Bryan and his followers. The country may think that a Democratic President would have more unhampered force behind to help him correct admitted evils than a Republican animated by equally good intentions but impeded by the great interests whence come a large proportion of Republican supporters and a still larger proportion of campaign funds. Whether or not Mr. Bryan has to face Mr. Taft, the salient fact remains that Conservative Democrats are more closely allied to the Republican right wing than they are to their own Radicals, and vice versa. Party conventions may not be seriously affected, for party feeling may retain its bitterness long after party views have ceased to retain distinctive force; but whatever genuine differences exist are less between parties than classes.

The other feature of present America is the growth of Presidential authority. The recent rapidity of its increase may perhaps be rightly attributed to the personal popularity and great energy of Mr. Roosevelt, but the development is the certain result of the democratic system, especially when it is brought into contact with world politics. The encroachments of the President have been continuous, and he has made no attempt to conceal them; he has waged open war against the checks imposed upon his office by the Constitution through the Legislature and against the principle of States rights. He sees plainly, as every sensible man must see, that both these elements of the Constitution are anarchic in their tendency and greatly hamper the United States, especially in its foreign policy, though the effect is also gravely felt in attempts to remedy internal abuses. The great popularity of the President is due in no small measure to the feeling in the country that he is the representative of the masses against the great interests that oppress them. This is generally the basis of Cæsarism. Mr. Roosevelt's determination to extend the meaning of the Presidential prerogative was never more clearly seen than in his recent attempts to interfere in the deliberations of the two Houses on his shipbuilding

programme. He wrote a confidential letter to the Speaker of the House urging in very grave terms the appropriation of the money demanded, and actually employed a Democratic representative, Mr. Hobson, to "lobby" on behalf of his scheme, even supplying him with a copy of his letter to Speaker Cannon. When this became known, all chance of carrying the appropriation was lost. The Senate also declined to be frightened by the fears of a war urged by Mr. Roosevelt's supporters. He was therefore beaten in both Houses; but the tactics employed are comparable only with those of George III. when intriguing by means of Lord Temple against Fox's India Bill in the Lords. We neither praise nor blame the President's methods; we only point out how open the struggle between Executive and Legislature has become. The progress of this tendency is even more important than the disintegration of parties, and the real point of interest is how far Mr. Roosevelt's successor will extend his system, while a third term would see the country well on the way to one-man rule.

LORD ROSEBERY AND SCOTTISH STUDENTS.

LORD ROSEBERY is not a product of the Scottish Universities, though he obtains many of their honours, the latest being his installation as Chancellor of Glasgow. He has never cultivated learning on a handful of oatmeal as the Scottish student of tradition always does. He probably over-estimates the virtue of this severe régime, and imagines there is a blessedness in poverty which to others less comfortably off than himself is not so evident. We do not think the fibre of the Scottish University student is in any danger of being relaxed through excessive means and too luxurious living. He must still work for whatever he desires to get and he will not have honours thrust upon him; nor will he keep them, when he has got them, without very strenuous effort. It would be unfortunate for himself and for his country if he could; and we wonder from what instinct or knowledge Lord Rosebery imagines the impending danger. We are quite sure that most of the students who listened, as they must have done, with delight and admiration to Lord Rosebery's address would wonder what exactly he meant by making those solemn appeals to them to maintain the character of the Scottish Universities for self-reliance and self-help, while all outside were surrendering themselves body and soul to the enervating influences of State support. Is the State threatening to undermine their proud independence by overwhelming them with rich endowments, and to corrupt their individual manly spirits by bursaries which will convert the once rugged and somewhat uncouth scholar into a dilettante and Sybarite of learning? This mysterious language, these vague alarms, these ominous prophecies, how have they been suggested to Lord Rosebery? We take all this passage of his speech, which he introduced by saying that he was debarred from speaking of politics, really as an outbreak of personal discontent with everything in politics. His panegyric on the poverty-stricken Scottish student who gets no help from the State, and very little from anyone else, was very like a device for insinuating a censure of Liberals and Conservatives alike. His quondam Liberal friends are free traders, but they are introducing old-age pensions. Conservatives have a programme in which tariff reform and old-age pensions stand side by side. He sees the time approaching when the independent thinker will have no place in politics. That we feel sure is Lord Rosebery's description of himself to himself and of his present position; and the malaise of it quite naturally inspires gloomy views of the future. If one believes however that it is not Lord Rosebery's independence of thought that is responsible for his isolation, but his irresolution and indecision in action, infirmities which not all his brilliance of intellect can counterpoise, the future will not seem more unpropitious for the man of independent thought than the past has been. The Scottish student may continue to have quite as much independence of thought as is good for him, if this means being only a Timon of Athens: "I pray for no man but myself".

It is quite true, as Lord Rosebery says, that the Scottish Universities and the Scottish students have done remarkable things though they have been very poor. One unfortunate consequence of their poverty has been that men of Lord Rosebery's class have carefully avoided them, and Lord Rosebery sings the praise of a poverty he has never experienced. Another consequence has been that the standard of scholarship has never been high. When a man like Lord Kelvin or Professor Caird has shown superiority to the general run of students he has turned to Cambridge or Oxford for further distinction, or it may be to some German University. The vast merit of the Scottish University system is that it has given education to poor men for whom no provision was made in England until the modern Universities were founded. The principal reason is that the clergy of the Scottish Churches have generally come from a lower stratum of the people than the clergy of the Church of England. Lord Rosebery points out the close connexion which always exists between the Church and the Universities of a country. This connexion was in Scotland all the closer because the great majority of the people were Presbyterians, and no religious tests excluded the adherents of any Presbyterian Church from the Universities. These men were exceedingly poor, and being poor, with an ambition to rise, they worked with an absolute ferocity. But they worked at a great disadvantage. The standard of entrance was low, and the curriculum though broad was not high. Poverty made of the Scottish student a recluse, and the fierce pursuit of humane letters seemed to have an effect the reverse of humanising on his manners. Even the praise of academic poverty must have a limit, and Lord Rosebery seems to have reached it when he gave as an illustration of the Scottish student's life the father of Dr. Robertson Nicoll, when he was at Aberdeen University in 1830. He had a bursary of £12, of which £8 went in fees. This left £4 for a season of twenty weeks. His lodgings cost him a shilling a week, his food was bread and cheese, his drink treacle and water; and he had to face the long Aberdeen winter without fuel. Lord Rosebery remarked, with his usual humour, that he was not recommending a diet but a character. Nor ought he, we should think, to recommend it as an ideal of University life for a young man.

If a nation considers it is good that its youth of the poorer classes should go in large numbers to the University, it ought either by State or private endowment to save them from such an inhuman struggle with poverty as the story of Nicoll discloses. That sort of discipline may do for "characters", but on the whole we doubt whether it is good for the character of the ordinary kind of man, who even at the Universities is the prevalent type. The logical inference from Lord Rosebery's admiration for such discipline would be the abolition of bursaries and every aid by which the struggle with poverty is made easier. We all admire self-reliance, but few parents consider it desirable to expose their children to extreme poverty as a training for endurance. Alma mater must also have compassion for her children. The Scottish Universities have become dissatisfied with privation and extreme struggle for existence as an ordinary detail in the lives of their students; and this seems to be Lord Rosebery's cue for a panegyric of poverty. So far as the extremely different conditions permitted, their later ideal has been to introduce the more social and humanising surroundings of the older English Universities. They have tried to introduce some play into the lives of their young barbarians, who hitherto had been all at work. Instead of approving the residence of solitary students in scattered lodgings in towns as Lord Rosebery does, they have endeavoured to introduce a common residential system as far as possible, though college residence is not provided for in the Scottish University system. We believe the great number of English students, chiefly of medicine, who go to the Scottish Universities have had a good deal to do with this movement. They are probably more clubbable and social than Scottish students, partly by nature, but even more because they are generally better off. Solitary poverty will make any man farouche, and it is a fatal defect in a University, hardly any can be greater, if its life is aggressively individual

instead of being corporate, and if its members acquire a certain amount of learning but no manners. In some instances, though we are not sure how far now the practice has gone, the Scottish Universities excuse payment of class fees. This is a lightening of the struggle with poverty which Lord Rosebery may consider leads to a weakening of the moral and intellectual fibre. The authorities we believe understand better than Lord Rosebery that relieving the pressure of poverty in the case of men like Scottish students at least is not dangerous. They do not need hardening; they need help to raise their spirits; and they will do better intellectual work than under the unmitigated depression of their poverty. Many of them are men who have to earn their living while they are attending classes. There need be no fear of enervation in such circumstances from the lightening of their burden. The great drawback of the Scottish Universities is that their students are too poor; and if they are to make the best use of an admirable system, they will have to be helped more in the future than they have been in the past. The advantages of poverty are not so clear at close quarters as they are at Lord Rosebery's altitude.

THE CITY.

IT is a long time since the Messrs. Hambro issued a Scandinavian Government loan, though the Copenhagen municipal loan was made but a month or so ago, and was only a qualified success. We suppose that Sweden saw no reason why it should not join the loanmongers' dance, and that the Swedish Ministers' fingers have been itching for some time past to try their skill on the apparently bottomless pocket of the British public. The Swedish loan is for £3,000,000, the interest 4 per cent. for ten years, and then $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the issue price 98. The Swedes are an honest and industrious people, and, as they are outside the war-zone of Europe, we should say that their Government loans were of course safe, and subject to fewer fluctuations than the bonds of the big European Powers. The Burma Railways Company is issuing 100,000 shares of £10 at £10 4s. (equal to 102), interest at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. being guaranteed by the Indian Government, and the new shares being entitled to a participation in the surplus profits. After 1 January, 1909, these shares will be converted into ordinary stock (£100), on which the dividend for recent years has ranged from £4 to £4 10s. per cent. We do not quite know why these shares are issued at a premium, seeing that the Government guarantee is only for $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while India Threes are at 90, and India Three-and-a-Halves are 99½. Even when converted the stock will only get £4 per cent. or a little over, so that 102 seems a high price. Quebec is making a small issue of Debentures and Consolidated Stock, and the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company are offering £900,000 five per cent. Mortgage Bonds. The flood of new issues must keep down the prices of existing securities. A City magnate of great experience has pointed out to the writer that these loans in most cases are merely a shifting of debts from the bankers to the loanmongers and underwriters, who, in their turn, pass them on (for a consideration) to the public. In other words, our authority said that the various Governments, municipalities, and railways had already borrowed these sums from the banks, and in some cases had already spent the money; so that these issues were made in order to repay the banks, who, being thus relieved, would be better able to lend their deposits to industrial enterprise. This no doubt is true, but we fail to see how it affects the situation of the Stock Exchange. Whether the new capital is created to pay off old debts or to finance new demands makes no difference—the underwriters and trust companies are "stuck" with the promises to pay instead of the bankers, that is all. But so long as financiers and brokers are hawking about good 4 and 5 per cent. bonds at a discount neither Consols nor any other of the old-fashioned gilt-edged securities can rise. Of course, as soon as the brokers and bucket-shops and other procurers of the high financiers have "distributed"

these new bonds amongst their clients, prices will rise—but that will take about two years, before which time a great deal may happen. One thing is certain, namely, that a farther large issue of Irish Land Stock cannot much longer be delayed. The position of land purchase in Ireland is indeed intolerable, and cannot be prolonged. There are the landlords who have sold, and cannot get paid by the Government—a pretty position for a British Government!—who receive interest on the purchase price, but not on their bonus, and who are often unable to meet their charges, or even live without the aid of the moneylender. These unhappy mortals are at present neither landlords nor rentiers, neither flesh nor fowl nor good red-herring, but creditors of the British Government. Then there are the tenants who have bought, and who are paying less rent (including instalments of principal) than the tenants who have not bought. We look forward to the repudiation of their contracts by the new purchasers as a most probable event in the near future, if only as a lever for the demand of Home Rule; and then Irish Land Stock will begin to tumble, on sentimental grounds, of course, for the British taxpayer will pay the interest whatever happens to Ireland. We would rather be "bears" than "bulls" of Irish Land Stock, the creation of that light-hearted rhetorician Mr. Wyndham.

General markets are as dull as ditch-water. Despite increasing traffic returns, which will continue now till the end of the year, Buenos Ayres and Pacifics and Rosarios are not only stagnant, but falling. The public will not come into that or any other market. The Kaffir boomlet has fizzled out. Lemoine has fled, leaving an envelope containing a few childish and impertinent recommendations for the manufacture of diamonds; but still De Beers do not rise. Many South African shares, like New Kleinfonteins and Van Ryns, can be bought to yield 10 per cent.; but either the public has no money or does not want 10 per cent. Antofagastas are said to be the best gamble in these stale, flat, and unprofitable days.

INSURANCE.—JOINT LIFE POLICIES.

THE numerous kinds of policies which are issued on single lives are more or less familiar and understood. They become claims either when the policyholders reach a certain age or at death if it occurs before; but when two or more lives are concerned the problem becomes somewhat more complicated. There is not a great demand for policies dependent on two or three lives, but they are sometimes useful and are worth describing.

Under one of these policies the sum assured is paid whenever the first death occurs: this is a comparatively expensive kind of policy, since the probability is that it will become a claim earlier than a policy which is payable at the death of a single life. It cannot mature later, and only in the case of both the insured dying at the same time can it occur at the same date as a corresponding policy on a single life. Life policies of this kind are sometimes taken by partners in a business, though there are special partnership policies which, while embodying the principle of a claim arising at the first death, contain a variety of valuable options, making them especially advantageous for partners. Policies payable at the first death are sometimes taken by a husband and wife. They are good for this purpose when both are earning income, or if the man stands to lose financially by the death of his wife. If the man would not lose by the death of his wife it is not improbable that an insurance company could refuse to pay the claim on the ground that there is no insurable interest.

Another kind of policy granted upon two lives is when the sum assured is payable at the second death. If children were provided for so long as either of their parents were living, it might be advisable for a father and mother to take one of these last-survivor policies, the annual cost of which would be less than for the assurance of a similar amount on either life separately, although in most circumstances it would not be much less, and there are few conditions in which policies of this sort are advisable.

A much more useful policy is one which provides for the payment of the sum assured on the death of A, provided he dies before B. The premiums on these policies are very small because there is no certainty that a claim may arise at any time. B may die before A, and then the insurance company has to pay nothing. If a man has a wife and no children, and if he feels confident of being able to keep himself so long as he lives, he can, by taking a contingent-survivorship policy, make at a very small annual cost a substantial provision for his wife should she survive him. For this purpose it is sometimes better for a policy to guarantee an annuity for the life of the widow, rather than a fixed sum in cash. If the husband dies while the wife is young the capital, even if used to buy an annuity, would yield only a relatively small income. If the wife did not become a widow till she was old the sum assured would buy a relatively large annuity. It is preferable to let the insurance company have this uncertainty, and for a man to make sure that his widow will have a definite income of known amount, commencing when he dies and continuing so long as she lives.

There are, too, many cases in which people will inherit money provided they survive the tenants-for-life, but in the event of their dying previously their estates receive no benefit. A son may inherit property if he survives his mother, but in the event of his dying first the money may go to his brothers and sisters and not be available for his wife or children. A contingent-survivorship policy is an excellent method of making provision for his family if he does not live to inherit property; if he does inherit it, there may be no pressing need for life assurance. Possibly his income may be small in the meantime, and other forms of life assurance of an adequate amount may be beyond his means.

When occasion requires, this interdependence of two lives may be extended to three lives or more, and insurance companies are always ready to quote rates of premium for policies of any kind which depend upon the duration of human life. A word of caution may perhaps be added to the effect that under the more usual kinds of policies, namely those on single lives, competition between insurance companies tends to reduce the rates of premium to a greater extent than is apt to be the case under policies for which special quotations are required. Policies payable either at the first death or the last death can be taken either with or without participation in profits, while contingent-survivorship policies are issued on the without-profit plan only.

MICHAEL DAVITT AND THE BOERS.

By "PAT".

"MY diaries are not to be published as such, and in no instance without my wife's permission", writes the chivalrous conspirator in his will. He provides also against "anything harsh . . . about any person dead or alive", but narrows the immunity to those that have "worked for Ireland". The document winds up by appointing "my wife, Mary Davitt, the sole executrix to this will". Nothing could be clearer than his dying wish that Mrs. Davitt might as far as possible control the publication of matter relating to his life; but I am in a position to state, directly from himself, that he never intended any such reservation as regards his outlook for the future of Ireland, which was even more interesting than his life, and much more constructive. Quite in the spirit of his last wish, and within a few months after his death, Mrs. Davitt expressly disclaimed all sanction for the book just issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin,* and she had published her protest nearly a year before its appearance. The corpse was hardly cold when our hurried author raised the controversy over it, and now again he constructively challenges the widow to single combat. We need not say more as to taste.

Davitt was the most fascinating of all my friends, and our friendship was not merely political. His plans for the future were arranged between him and me alone. The

last appointment he ever made was to visit me at home. When his last illness came we were working together for a book on Irish education. I was to edit the new paper for which he was then preparing. I once asked him to send a communication to Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington, and I conveyed it. That was the only connexion I ever knew between the biographer and his subject. We need not say more as to fitness.

The writing is—well, I will quote one phrase—"For the effectuation of this purpose". We need not say more as to style.

Often in his later years, and again just before his death, Davitt detailed his purposes to me, asking me to communicate these to our countrymen when he was gone. Before doing so, I should in courtesy consult Mrs. Davitt, but she was in mourning. Besides, the newspapers had announced "A Message to the Irish People", through Mr. John Dillon M.P., who has neither denied the "message" nor communicated it. He speaks best who speaks last, and I hereby call on Mr. Dillon either to disclose the dead man's injunctions or to deny them. Mr. Dillon could not associate himself with Davitt's policy and hold his seat in Parliament beyond the next election. He might announce the "message", and disclaim sympathy, but that also would have its dangers, with Davitt's policy at present so rapidly destroying Mr. Dillon's party in the minds of the Irish people. The choice between discrediting silence and destructive speech is not pleasant, but, in fairness to all concerned, a gentleman of Mr. Dillon's experience ought to find some way out of the difficulty.

There were two Davitts, the turbulent genius of political freedom, clouding a fine intellect in a fierce temperament accentuated by almost unbearable sufferings, with the sad result of displacing reflection for conflict in the ethics of social life; and the man whom we knew playing with his children, the gentle father, the chivalrous friend, of whom George Moore observes, "Davitt had the manners of a prince—or rather the manners a prince ought to have". This better Davitt, the real man, the soul great enough to have survived so much evil, remains unknown unless to a few of us; and, if but in fairness to him, we all hope that Mrs. Davitt will some day provide for a real biography.

For the reasons stated, I have abstained from publishing anything about Davitt since his death, and I do so now merely to protest against the unfairness of this book to his memory and character, especially the chapter which purports to tell the remarkable story of his connexion with the Boer war, in which he is presented as a rebel after having taken the oath of allegiance in Parliament, without one word about the fact that he lived to regret his part in the dramatic enterprise which all but started a European war.

Davitt went to the Transvaal ostensibly as a newspaper correspondent, financed by Mr. Hearst, of the "New York Journal", who, with his eye on the Presidency, saw the electioneering value of the Irish-American vote; but the real aim was nothing less than to bring the war into Europe, with this country alone on the one side, and at least France against her, leaving the Boers free to overrun the whole of British South Africa. The details were settled through an Irish-American acting for Mr. Hearst in London. The support of prominent French statesmen was secured—Vive l'entente cordiale! In view of Germany, the whole scheme looked like madness for France, but even that was met; the conspirators approached the German Foreign Office, and got an assurance of "support, or at least neutrality". We can now more clearly understand Davitt's motive in retiring from Parliament, and how he was occupied during the interval until he left for the front.

On his way he spent some time in France, and before leaving had secured the promise of seventy thousand volunteers for the Boers, nearly all from the well-trained reserves; he had also got ships to carry them and their commissariat, "most of these actually inside the Mediterranean already". The immediate difficulty now was that the seventy thousand, when volunteering, had stipulated that Villebois de Mareuil, then in the field, should return to France, put himself at their head, and take them into action. The attraction of the man, the character of the soldier, and the fact that he had

* "Michael Davitt, Revolutionary Agitator and Labour Leader." By F. Sheehy-Skeffington. London and Leipzig.

himself volunteered, made the stipulation reasonable, and Davitt left France to bring him back, sending such press messages as might help to disguise his real mission. The fact that most of his messages were never published, after all they had cost, corroborates the narrative, and suggests that the would-be monarch of American Republicanism knew the nature of the enterprise he was financing; but to anyone that knew him well, Davitt's word in a matter of fact requires no corroboration.

These seventy thousand citizen soldiers, with Fashoda fresh in their minds, saw the project merely as a means to strike a blow pour la France in South Africa, but the leaders' view of it was very different and much deeper. Davitt at least never expected that his volunteers could reach the scene of war. With the British Navy in the main unoccupied, but doubly watchful for events, how could these French transports find their way from Marseilles to Lorenzo Marquez? It was absurd, but it satisfied the seventy thousand, and plans of campaign are seldom confided to "the man that carries the gun". The French ships would be caught on the way, and then, with Germany abetting or contracted out, the French statesmen supporting the plot would press France to an ultimatum. "What a chance", growls our "Nationalist" biographer, "for Ireland to wring from her tyrant's difficulties &c." Such is the melodrama that continues to embitter Anglo-Irish interests, for no higher motive than histrionic notoriety. A whole constituency without a rebel among them, and without one man who believes in rebellion, will always vote for the playboy who comes in the most rebellious make-up; and, still more curious, the puzzle is prolonged by the inherent conservatism of the Irish people, who, long after they have survived the spirit and purpose of rebellion, continue its shape and language in their conduct of public life, with their journalism and oratory a long-drawn-out lie.

Davitt spent three days parleying with Villebois de Mareuil, but could not move him to the purpose; and then this brave and brilliant soldier, of a brave and brilliant race, with a few chance companies of nondescript infantry, rushed headlong to obvious and apparently aimless death. Suicide? Who knows? In any case, *cherchez la femme*. There is always a woman in an Irish crisis, and she is always the determining factor whether in Paris, in Hove, or at the Court of King McMurragh; and, at home in Ireland, with all his melodrama, there is always in our rebel a feminine flaccidity, waiting to break into real bravery at places like Pieters Hill, in the service of the British army. The Irish at home are never their real selves, always presenting themselves in terms of the unreal, accommodating their conduct to what they neither feel nor think. Hence the difficulty of "understanding" them. They blame the "stupidity" of the British understanding, and they understand themselves still less.

Before Davitt touched England again, he found out that a dossier of his adventure had been prepared by the Secret Service, and he expected to be thrown into prison for the rest of his life; but with the fine stolidity of British Toryism the Government let him go home, and stay at home with his wife and children at Dalkey, where he thought over his last enterprise against the Empire, told me it was the biggest blunder of his life, and laid the plans of a campaign for the rest of his days, fighting with mental and moral weapons only. I used to take great pride in his selection of me as commander-in-chief of the new rebellion, and we had already done considerable recruiting when he found fatal blood poisoning in his lower jaw. Lacking the required reputation in political melodrama to continue the real tragedy, I retired to the bog, and, like Fabius, waited for a better time, which appears to be approaching. There is no country in the world like Ireland for a mental and moral fighting man—provided that he has a sense of humour.

After Davitt came "Colonel" Lynch, who found his way into penal servitude, and, to get him out, Mrs. Lynch appealed to—Davitt! "What!" said the forgiven plotter, "appealing to a man who might have been in along with him!" "Well, I don't understand," said the woman, "but I was advised to

come to you." He thought, then wrote a letter to his friend Sir Thomas Lipton, to this effect: "If I were a friend of the King, as you are, I would ask him to release the only Irish political prisoner in his Majesty's custody this coming Christmas." Sir Thomas took the rebel's letter to the King, and Lynch was with his wife for Christmas. I do not know of a more generously royal act in contemporary history; and if those who still call themselves rebels have really any thought for the good of Ireland they might at least consider it.

I have told the story of Davitt's connexion with the war as I got it directly from himself. He confided it to me on the understanding that it should never be published merely for "copy", and that I should hold it ready against possible mischief, such as the clumsy version of it now given in the book mentioned. His objection to its publication was not personal, but because of its probable effect in increasing British distrust of Irishmen, to Ireland's disadvantage; and he particularly wished that it should never be published at all without a statement of his regret for the whole adventure, a regret which, he confessed, was deepened by the conduct of the King, in whom he had found his own magnanimity more than matched.

Incidentally I have made a sketch of Davitt's character, and I am not satisfied with the apparent self-contradictions of its psychology; but I must stick to the facts as I got them, observing only that Davitt, like the rest of us Irishmen, had the fatal gift of opposing his better self, and of suppressing the personal qualities for which everybody that ever knew him loved him. Privately, he was as gentle and as pliant as he was harsh and implacable in public. The only approach to a quarrel I ever had with him was when I said, "I would not take the oath of allegiance to the King and go plotting for the King's enemies". It was hard, perhaps rude, and Davitt had been touched by the King's generosity. He made great sacrifices, but by far the greatest was in levelling the vision of his grand individuality to the convenience of the mob, which is never really raised except by people who keep well above it.

The British statesman may ask—"Is it possible to trust any Irishman?" I will answer—It is not wise to trust an Irishman whom you have treated with cruelty.

"HOW DARE HE?"

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

"THE Explorer" is great fun. Quite apart from its intrinsic quality, the fact that its author is Mr. Somerset Maugham is a very strong recommendation indeed. This fact is in itself enough to endear the production to us through what may be called our cumulative sense. If a horse win two important races, we are all anxious that it shall win a third, and a fourth. We want it to win a greater number of important races than any other horse ever won before. When we hear that Mr. Pierpont Morgan has acquired Lord So-and-So's priceless collection of this or that, we experience a thrill of delight. We want Mr. Morgan to possess *all* that is worth possessing in every kind of artistic product. Statesmen—even the imperialistic ones, nowadays—declare that the British Empire is large enough. Do they think so? Not they. Even the strictest Little Englander would inwardly rejoice if another strip of territory were added to our accumulation. So, for that matter, would the keenest Anglophobe abroad. There is nothing rational, nothing selfish, in the workings of the cumulative sense. It is a sense that defies reason, transcends self. Our colonies are of no use to the foreigner. We do not intrude on Mr. Morgan's store-house in Grosvenor Gate. We do not back the sensational colt or filly that we hope will win the record sum in stakes. We may disapprove of the theatre, or be bored by it, and so have no intention of going to see any of the four plays that Mr. Maugham has running in the metropolis at this moment. Nevertheless, he is for all of us the hero of the year, even as Signorinetta is like to be the heroine. We rejoice in the news that yet another play of his will be produced in July. Five plays running

simultaneously! Stupendous! Even without counting provincial and American rights, he must be "making at the rate of" whatever vast annual sum it please us to mouth. Colossal! Yet, after all, what are five theatres among so many? Why shouldn't *all* the theatres in London be Maughamised? Say that in the past five years he wrote only three plays annually. That would make fifteen rejected plays. Deduct five. That leaves ten plays now accepted for production. Come, let room be found for all of them forthwith! In such dreams do we fondly revel. We are only human.

Other playwrights than Mr. Maugham have been, and are, revered by some playgoers. The privilege of being revered by the whole community has been given to him alone. His name is a household word even in households where the theatre is held unclean. They pencil it honourably in the margins of "Smiles on Self-Help". It is lisped by children in their nurseries, and rolled over the tongue of the aged and infirm. Other playwrights complain that the majority of playgoers is bent not on seeing this or that play, but on seeing this or that mime, and leaves the theatre without having glanced at the author's name on the programme. Presently we shall have Mr. Maugham complaining that the majority of playgoers is bent on seeing his plays because they are his, rather than on seeing this or that mime whom he has so exactly fitted with a part. In "Mrs. Dot" have not we the quintessence of Miss Marie Tempest, and of Mr. Hawtrey in "Jack Straw"? And now, what could be so quintessential of Mr. Waller as "The Explorer"? Mr. Maugham, sated with our enthusiasm for himself, will coldly bid us give precedence in our hearts to the leading lady or gentleman for whose genius his art is a vehicle. It is, he will remind us, the King that we cheer when he drives past, not the King's coach-builder.

I doubt whether this rebuke will be really deserved—at any rate in connexion with Mr. Waller. How *could* precedence be taken of Mr. Waller? The thing's impossible. As I have said, we are only human. And Mr. Waller himself, perhaps, is only human. But it needs a stretch of scepticism, greater than we may compass, to imagine him other than divine, when he has a part that properly shows him off. In him we see an amalgam of the sterner deities familiar to our childhood. The voice, I admit, is the voice of Apollo; but the eyes are the eyes of Mars, and the jaw-bone is exactly the jaw-bone that Jove had beneath his beard; while the air of grimly concentrated force is Vulcan's own. As the Explorer, Mr. Waller has a superb opportunity for the use of these divine assets. "Alexander Mackenzie", the hero's name, is hardly a name well-chosen, conjuring up for us, as it does, the mildness of our native and academic music. But the misnomer does not matter after Mr. Waller has been on the stage for a few seconds. "Alexander Mackenzie" is thenceforth a synonym for all that is quietly strong and grim and fearless and overwhelming. All the more terrific is the effect of the Explorer by reason of the milieu in which he appears. If he is like this in a London drawing-room, what, we rapturously wonder, must he be like in the heart of Central Africa? If this is the figure he cuts among the dear home-birds, what *can* he be like when he is facing starvation and suppressing the slave-trade, out there? See him standing in the centre of the drawing-room, his heels joined, his shoulders squared, his fists clenched, his lips compressed as by a vice of steel, his eyes flashing luminous shafts as he turns his profile this way or that with the abruptness of a ventriloquist's puppet! See him as he paces the drawing-room carpet, and admit how inadequate is the inevitable simile of the caged lion! In the second act Mr. Maugham shows us the lion at large. Night is falling on the plain, the food-supplies are all but exhausted, the native tribes are menacing, hostile Arabs are in the offing, Alexander is in his element. Vibrating as we are under his personal magnetism, we wonder that his followers, with no footlights between him and them, have not long ago been shaken to death. Some of them have indeed perished; but Alexander, with the modesty of your true hero, ascribes their decease to tribal bullets, climate, &c.

Among the survivors is a young man named George Allerton, supposed to be a weakling, but in reality the toughest person in the whole retinue: he can resist Alexander's magnetism. Alexander has warned him not to drink; yet he went and drank deeply. Alexander has warned him not to outrage the sensibilities of the tribes; yet he made advances to a native woman, and finally shot her. Alexander accuses him of the crime; yet he is able to look Alexander in the face and tell a lie; nay! when Alexander bids him submit his revolver to examination, he pulls the trigger on Alexander. Of course, even if he aimed straight, the bullet could have no effect: gods are invulnerable. Nevertheless a thrill of horror passes through the entire audience. And, on the night of my visit, a young lady sitting in the front row of the pit cried out in a hollow voice, "How *DARE* HE?" Her outburst was a concise expression of what we all were feeling.

I suspect Mr. Maugham of not being so perfectly satisfied as we are with the part that he has written for Mr. Waller. It is evident he conceived Alexander Mackenzie as a type of "the strong, silent man", and as a man whose whole soul was devoted to the glorious hazards of exploration; one to whom woman could be no more than "a toy". Yet Alexander Mackenzie is loquacious, and a lover. Mr. Waller, had he only his art to think about, might have accepted a play in which he had not to open his firm lips once in the whole course of the evening. There are chemical experiments in which an ingredient is said to "act by its presence". I can imagine Mr. Waller acting by his. But there is the public to be considered. The public would be aggrieved if Mr. Waller's voice, that noble organ, were not continuously exploited. Also they would be puzzled and made angry by a play in which Mr. Waller's actions were not swayed by love. Such heroes as Alexander Mackenzie do not necessarily, in real life, regard woman as a toy. Mostly they do; but there are exceptions—Nelson, for example. He, however, was not so exceptional an exception as Alexander. Suppose Lady Hamilton had had a brother who was wholly unfitted for the navy, it is not likely that Nelson would have accepted him as one of his right-hand men in a naval campaign; nor is it likely that he would thereafter have chosen to alienate Lady Hamilton by letting her suppose that he had lightly sent this young man out on a forlorn hope which he himself was afraid to lead. He would not have said of her, as Alexander says of Lucy Allerton, "I think she can live better without love than without self-respect". What Alexander's speech really means is "I think I am more theatrically effective without a few simple words of explanation than without an idiotic act of self-sacrifice". And thus . . . but here am I indulging in my tedious old habit of testing a play by reference to reality! I catch the echo of that feminine heart-cry "How *DARE* HE?" and I desist.

A GREAT PICTURE.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

IN an exhibition of nineteenth-century pictures at Messrs. Obach's gallery in Bond Street one picture stands out pre-eminent. It is by that rare French master, Géricault. The majority of the other painters represented belong to what is popularly, if rather loosely, called the Barbizon school. Perhaps we have heard too much about Barbizon painting, or seen too much of it. Millet, a real creator, one of the greatest artists of the century, is on a plane above the rest; we see his paintings all too seldom, and very seldom do they disappoint. But of Corot we see too many examples that are merely facile variations and repetitions of a mood and a way of seeing things that he has made familiar; and these are apt to obscure the recollection of his finest, most deeply-felt work. At Messrs. Obach's we expect to find choice specimens of these painters and their followers and comrades, and in the present collection, though there is nothing perhaps of the first importance, there are pictures that add something to our conception of their art, at least do not detract from it. "The Farm, Etretat" is one of those Corots which are not so obviously attractive as the

usual vision of feathery trees and vaporous air, but it expresses essential qualities of his art, which belong not only to him but to his race; a kind of delicate austerity, not to be found in the art of England, but wholly congruous with the fine-tempered order and precision of the French genius. The same temper, with an added tendency to hardness, appears in Harpignies, by whom there are two quite recent works; unmellowed by time, these will never be as sympathetic probably as the earlier picture of a clear sunset over sandy pools, "*La Nièvre à Nevers*" (No. 14), where the artist for once melts his habitual reserve into a certain glow. Rarely have I seen a Daubigny so beautiful as the small "*Twilight*" (No. 9). Many painters have attempted to express in paint the charm of that hour when the summer light is leaving the sky and the night still delays to come; but not often is it caught with such truth and tender feeling as here. You feel the lingering warmth of the air, you feel the dew in it; not even the poplars stir, and the faint sickle of the young moon just deepens the blue around it. Daubigny paints often on too large a scale for the interest of his design, but here there is no suggestion of emptiness. There is one Millet in the gallery. It is called "*Inspirations d'Amour*". A young peasant girl in a corner of the forest listens, shrinking yet shyly eager, to the whisper of the boy Love, who breathes glowing words into her ear. A conventional, "literary" treatment of the subject, it may be said; but what does it matter? It is Millet; and there is a noble, primeval integrity about Millet that overpowers any such objections, as it adds weight and force to his design, and inspires his deep feeling for natural gesture. Among a few Dutch pictures which are included in the exhibition, a small interior with a girl by James Maris (No. 4), painted in 1871, is attractive and interesting; it shows that artist in a phase of transition, painting in the vein of De Hooch and his seventeenth-century compeers. One or two examples of that tiresome artist, Ziem, I could wish away; but a couple of canvases by Mr. Mura hold their own well enough with Jongkind and Monticelli.

All these pictures pale before the Géricault. What a different atmosphere we breathe at once! Under a tenebrous sky dark waters indent waste shores. Valleys are hidden behind the hills that slope bare from the sea. On an opposite promontory a line of building or ruin outlines itself dimly against cloud. There is a sense of something ambushed, resisting, menacing in this sullen landscape; and against this something is being hurled the force that animates the picture. A gunner with his team furiously urges his horses along the broken foreground; the gun sticks in a hollow, but the next moment it will be jerked up and over the mound and will be swept down and unlimbered on the bare tract below, where already from a row of guns the smoke is hanging, white as the edge of livid cloud above the sea. And behind the gun come horses and riders galloping. A gloomy picture, with forced light upon the struggling forms of the horses that drag the gun. Yes, but how else could just this effect that Géricault has pressed out of his materials be achieved? What does truth to natural atmosphere and lighting matter, when it is truth to the impression of concentrated fury in human effort that is to be seized at all cost? And seized it is, with unforgettable power.

Géricault is little known in this country. There are two small works of his in the Wallace Collection, one a water-colour, but nothing of course in the National Gallery. Born in 1791, he grew to manhood while Napoleon was transforming Europe and the eagles of France were being carried to countless victories. As a boy he had a passion for horses; he spent his evenings at the circus at Rouen. Beginning to paint, he chose Rubens for his idol. The picture now at Obach's, which is called "*Le Passage du Ravin*", is said to have been painted in 1816, three years before the famous "*Raft of the Medusa*", now in the Louvre. The latter picture roused passionate attacks, and created the historic opposition between the Classics and Romantics. Géricault brought it to England, and its exhibition in London was a great success. He found congenial stuff in English painting and congenial themes in English life. He painted races at

Epsom; and some of his fine lithographs are of English subjects. We have therefore a link with this Frenchman of genius, who, like others of his famous countrymen, both artists and men of letters, found a stimulus for his art in England. But even apart from any such reason, the opportunity of acquiring this picture for the nation ought not to be lost. Let us hope that the Trustees of the National Gallery have its purchase under consideration. I doubt if there is any work by Géricault so important and representative as this, except the big "*Raft of the Medusa*", his greatest and most famous picture. He died young, and his paintings are rare. This picture would certainly help to fill a woeful gap in our national collection. Géricault stands at the source of much that is most vigorous in the art of the nineteenth century. And he might, I think, give back to us a stimulus in his turn.

It so happens that there is in the Academy exhibition this year a picture of a somewhat similar subject. It is in Room No. XI., and represents the passage of the *Bidassoa* by Wellington's army, 7 October 1813; the painter is Mr. James P. Beadle. As a representation of troops fording a river, seen by a casual bystander, it is capably painted. Here we have truth of atmospheric effect, and the local landscape, and probably correct uniforms; all that is least important is conscientiously portrayed. But all this only chokes and hampers the impression that we ought to have; we should forget these details, conscious only of men advancing against death, constraining themselves stubbornly, watchful for the moment when the rocket goes up and at last they can fire. This could only be done by concentrating on the significant essentials, by wilful and bold suppression. The picture is tame. Perhaps it is unkind to pit Mr. Beadle against a master of established rank. However, Mr. Beadle's picture is in the Academy, where I doubt if Géricault's would win admittance. It would be dismissed, I fancy, as "out of drawing", incorrect and scamped. What the Academy encourages is the illustrator's picture, the "costume" picture. Its youthful talent, men like Mr. Frank Craig and Mr. Campbell Taylor, is occupied with this kind of elaborated work; but in how cold a temper their clever painting is done! What a contrast to Géricault, whose art is all sacrifice and emphasis, and who, at least in this "*Passage du Ravin*", expresses not only the fire of his own soul, but a fire that is in the soul of his race, in the soul of his kind. I reproached the New English group the other day with dwelling over-much in the prettiness of their sunned interiors, and the external grace of existence. They too might learn of Géricault to grapple with more potent human interests, and bring into their art more depth, energy, passion.

THE ROSE.

FOR one short season of the year the Rose

Blossoms in radiant majesty set high!

Then the brief glory of the Summer goes,

And cold winds toss bare branches to the sky.

Yet through the tears of mournful Autumn hours,

Through barren Winter, and compassionate Spring,

Under fast-fading, bare, or quickening bowers

Our hearts still dream the Rose's blossoming!

The burning hands of lovers do but close

On some bright scattered petals of the whole.

Love—not the lover—holds the perfect Rose

In the immortal Summer of the Soul!

ALTHEA GYLES.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE FAUBOURG.—IV.

A FRENCH MARRIAGE.

BY ÉMIGRÉ.

THERE have not been many Anglo-French marriages of late years; still more uncommon are unions between Englishmen and the French who belong to the exclusive set of the Faubourg S. Germain. This has not always been so. Many English families became related to the émigrés who settled in our midst in the days of the French Revolution, and these relationships went on during the Restoration. Irish Catholic heiresses found their situation painful enough in their own country under the Penal Laws and sought social recognition in France. Indeed at one time nearly every Irish family of note whose members had fought in the French Army counted its French relatives by the score. There was some English society in Paris during the Restoration and under the Second Empire, and international alliances were not uncommon. Things are now again tending in the same direction. Frenchmen find that American ideas do not always suit them, and Americans are becoming rather discouraged by their experience of French marriage laws. Many American fortunes have also proved to be rather unsound, and young Frenchmen are asking themselves whether they could not do as well, if not better, in England. French girls have rarely cared for American men, especially when they have understood that their own womankind preferred foreigners. It is therefore by no means unusual for an Englishman who is sufficiently intimate to be asked whether he could not find a bridegroom for even a wealthy French girl. I was on one occasion approached by a friend who was very much depressed about the future of France. "We shall never see again what we saw during the great Revolution. They will not cut our heads off. Radicalism is, however, growing apace and we are losing at every general election more and more seats. Those who are coming into power have but one idea, to lighten the burdens of the masses at the expense of the well-to-do. As it is, compulsory subdivision is splitting up our properties and dividing our capital each generation. Progressive death duties are swallowing up what is left. A progressive aggregated income tax is bound to come. In the course of a few years nothing will be left to our descendants who live in this radical land of ours. We must therefore seek a home for our children elsewhere. Can you as a friend find a husband for my daughter in England?" I asked him whether he wanted a large fortune. He replied, the same as she would have herself; but what he considered of far greater importance was that the bridegroom's family should be as good as his own. It would be a mistake to imagine that this is a common case or anything but exceptional; but the fact is that the popularity of each nationality, English and French, is on the increase in France and in England. Many people thought the "entente cordiale" was but a passing phase. It certainly looks as if it had come to stay.

In the old days marriages were almost entirely arranged between the parents. The young man and the young woman often did not know one another even by sight, and the story is told of the well-brought-up young lady who asked her mother at a dance to point out to her the young man whom she was to marry. She was very properly snubbed and told, "Tais-toi, cela ne te regarde pas". The fact remains that in many cases they know very little of each other. The fortunes are equal; the future prospects are the same. The young man has been well brought up; he has no hereditary illness in his family; his conduct apart from a few youthful escapades has been irreproachable. His family is good; if not quite as good or as illustrious as that of the bride, he must have some compensation, such as a larger fortune, or if she on her side can point to great connexions his descent ought to be an older one. Every inquiry is carefully made by the girl's family before the subject is even broached. The tastes must be similar. Both must be fond of the town or of the country, as the case may be. The man may be a soldier; then the girl must be ready to put up with the humdrum life of a garrison town. He may be a deputy;

then the girl must be ready to be civil to his constituents and to take an interest in the life he is leading. If the man is religious it certainly adds to his prestige with those girls who want to have some security for the future, though there are many who consider themselves quite capable of reforming a rake. Circumstances may often force a man to go on living with his family. Then the girl must be ready to put up with the subordinate position, and inquiries are made whether she has a temper or not, and if so whether she can keep it under control. If the man is strong and healthy, his wife ought to be on a level with him. At all costs hereditary taints must be avoided, and it is quite common for the relations to investigate the family history on every side for three or four generations. In short, every trouble is taken to find out tastes, dispositions, fortune, hereditary tendencies, social position and drawbacks; to weigh each one of these carefully and strike a balance. When all this has been done one side or the other approaches a mutual friend or relation and the "entrevue" is arranged.

This is a very serious business; for the whole of the future life of two people depends upon its result. They may not perhaps speak on this occasion, or if they do their observations are of the very shallowest character, for everything that is said and done is watched not only by the parties immediately concerned but by their relations and friends who are present at the time, and the slightest solecism will mar everything. The whole happiness of two lives has been blighted by what has been said or has been left unsaid, by the colour of a necktie, or by the exhibition of a little awkwardness, which is surely excusable on such an occasion. Once this ordeal is over, each party must make up his or her mind once and for all. Everything has been gone into beforehand, and the family at least know far more about the respective merits of each side than many an English couple whose knowledge of each other is only gleaned from a few casual meetings during a London season. It is true that the exact figure of the fortune on each side is generally overstated, but then this is discounted. Thus everyone knows that all the possessions on either side have been lumped together as if a valuation had to be made for probate purposes. The value of every stick and stone of the country houses and town houses is lumped together. The man's fortune is perhaps put down at £40,000, and this includes a country house and park. No one therefore expects that this means more than £700 or £800 a year; so there is no dishonesty whatever in putting the capital value so high. The French sense of honour is very acute upon these matters. A Frenchman knows that if his marriage falls through because he has unduly exaggerated his fortune, he will be discredited for the future, and he is therefore pretty careful what he says. There are occasional quarrels over settlements, but they are by no means so frequent as in England. The next step is the proposal. No French young man who is well brought up will ever approach the young lady directly. His father and mother must pay a formal visit to her parents and ask their consent in due form. The girl then comes into the room and is asked what she thinks about it. She never refuses, for all this has been already arranged; but she is deeply affected, and at one time burst into tears as a matter of course, but this time-honoured custom is fast dying out. Very often the young man's parents give the ring; but here again progress is asserting itself, and the bridegroom sometimes gives it himself. Once these preliminaries are over, the engagement is complete and is rarely broken. Of course misfortunes are bound to happen, but the guilty party then suffers, for he and she know that their matrimonial value is depreciated, and this is a very serious thing in France. The engagement is short and all proceedings are carefully watched by the family. The young people often meet, but in the presence of others. Many dinners are given in honour of the event, and the young man usually dines on other nights with his fiancée's family. He must send her a bouquet every day, and generally makes a contract with a florist on reasonable terms for this daily consignment. If however he wants to talk there is either someone in the same room or in that adjoining, and the door is left

open. Formerly no familiarities were allowed; but we are getting on and these old-world prejudices are dying out. There is however a very material difference between what is common in England and what is allowed in France.

Next comes the "corbeil", and this is most important. The man may be badly off, but either he or his parents must give the bride a "corbeil" consisting of jewellery, furs, lace, cloaks and either dresses made by the best Paris houses or, should the fortune be a modest one, the necessary material. This is an absolute essential, and is almost part of the ceremony. Where the man's family are badly off his wife may have to pay for it subsequently; but the "corbeil" must be given, and many a man will sell out his stocks and shares almost to the last farthing so as to be able to make a good show. Thus stories are told of a man whose whole fortune amounts to £600 a year spending £2,000, and even £4,000, on the "corbeil" which he gives to his wife. In the old days everything was lumped together in a large basket and sent to the bride. Some very conservative families, out of love for tradition, keep up this custom, though many a "corbeil" has outgrown the dimensions of the largest basket.

When the wedding day arrives two ceremonies have to be faced, of which the first is at the mairie. Where the bridegroom wants a special ceremony he must give a subscription for the poor, and in that case the mayor or his representative makes a speech to the bride and bridegroom. There is no best man, and bridesmaids are not absolutely indispensable, but each side must have its two witnesses, who until lately were always men, but women are now allowed to act as witnesses. In the church a collection is made by the bridesmaids, who are often children and they are escorted by boys of the same age. The allocution delivered by the officiating clergyman often gives the genealogy of both families back to the Crusades, and these allocutions, which are usually read, are carefully put by in the family archives.

Many questions may be asked with regard to French marriages. The most vital one is: "Are they as happy as or less happy than English ones?" A good deal of mischief has been done by French novelists, who would have one believe that in nine cases out of ten French husbands and wives are unfaithful. This is a gross exaggeration. As a matter of fact, most French marriages turn out extremely well. There may perhaps not be as much of what we call love in France as in England; but there is more union. Even an unfaithful husband—and the unfaithful husband is the exception in reality if not in fiction—will defend and uphold his wife against all comers, and against the woman for whom he has conceived a more passionate feeling, and this because she is his wife, part and parcel of himself. If a distinction is to be drawn we should say there is more paternal and maternal feeling in France, and that this feeling takes in many cases the place of our conjugal sentiment; but, taken as a whole, French marriages are just as happy as and French households are perhaps more united than those on our side. In short, the fusion of interests is more thorough and complete.

NATURE'S PIGMENTS.

THERE might seem to be some danger, with the present methods of scientific observation, of the disappearance of the genuine theorist, the man content accurately and yet imaginatively to watch for his own pleasure the shows of the sensible world, without reference to their place in any system or argument, without any thought of origins or adaptations. Theory, in the fresh Greek sense—not without a tinge of the meaning of *theoria* as a temple-procession or spring festival, but without a thought of the later connotation of an industrious pile of professorial hypothesis—is about the last quality likely to exist in observers who have to find evidence at every point for an all-involving prepossession. But it is possible that the number of the unprofessional lookers-on is larger than the prominence of

the analysts, the hunters after causes, the deductive researchers might lead us to suppose. The theorists are apt to be solitary and rather inarticulate: they disappear among wood-paths or tracks over the bare hills, and what they find there they rarely tell, except in a sort of cypher-code to people like themselves. They are the noblest specimens of the tribe of the collectors, the race which instinctively watches for and seizes on rare and fine things in a certain genre or genres, and lays them up in its treasures. The virtuoso of the finer type has the whole world for his hunting-ground: his own head is at once his collecting-box and repository cabinet: he knows no jealousies of possession, no agonies at auctions, no dread of moth or fox. He may in some degree specialise within his vast sphere: he may concern himself with such a detail of the whole as the forms of clouds and the technics of the weather, or the smells of the fields and woods, or the realm of natural sounds from the grasshopper's crink to the thunderclap; but the use of the gift tends to catholicity, and as a rule the collector of the finer make will be found to range over a wide and increasing domain.

There is probably no other field of observation in the realm of nature so easily accessible and so fruitful in fine pleasure as the subject of colour. The mere perception of splendid or subtle passages by an eye which becomes by use constantly more alive to abstruse harmonies and what may be called latent hues is in itself employment enough for a lifetime; and one may do a good deal in the way of constructive observation, of notation of sources and materials, comparisons and contrasts, before one runs any serious risk of losing the whole in the parts. The subject is not one which seems likely at present to be vulgarised by too much attention. There are, of course, plenty of people who can only think of colour in terms of paint, and perhaps more who are lost if their prism is taken away from them: there is no want of discourse upon composition and tone on canvas, nor of theories of vibration and wave-lengths; but recognition of the intrinsic, personal qualities of natural colour, the fine shades of difference between the purely good and the unredeemed bad, the simple effects of the source and the medium of illumination, of reflex, of degrees of translucence or opacity, appears to be by no means common. A very brief catalogue will show something of the scope and variety of the subject. To begin with live colour, the positive, unreflected hues which Da Vinci called "original light"—sun, moon and stars, fire, and perhaps we may say the unclouded atmosphere—a man may spend a long apprenticeship in learning the varying qualities of direct sunlight, the whole scale of thin cool colouring proper to moonlight, the extraordinarily deep and vivid reds and blues in the momentary sparkle of some of the larger stars. The evanescent tints of flames are a source of pleasure which seems to be still as much neglected as when Shelley wrote "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is". Anyone whose impressions in this kind are confused by recollections of the benefits of the ingenious Mr. Brock should read the fire-descriptions in "The Witch of Atlas", and he may find even in the domestic grate new sources of æsthetic refreshment. The watchful eye will learn to know the times and seasons of these manifestations, and will be ready for combinations of their several powers. The hour when the dawn gradually puts out the full moon has passages of strange and fleeting effect; and the mixture of moonlight and lightning, on the somewhat rare occasions when a thunderstorm does not curtain the whole sky, is a thing well worth sitting up to see. If the sky itself, either the full noonday blue or the immeasurable gradations of sunrise and sunset, is taken as "original" colour or light, as from its intensity of illuminative power it well may be, the cloud-colours will come first in the subsequent order of things shining by reflected or suffused rays. Especially there is the puzzling question of "local" colour in clouds, apart from the effect of sunlight or shadows from other clouds, such as the coppery glare of masses of thunder-cumulus and the tarnished or smoky duns and browns often seen amongst the cool watery grey and blue-black of rainy vapour in shade.

After the clouds will follow many orders of derivative

tones seen by reflected and transmitted light, or under the more intricate conditions of reflections acting through media of various degrees of transparency. Amongst these will come the colours of water in body, the amber trout-stream, the nameless blue-green of granite-walled river pools, the innumerable differences of the sea, from the opalescent paleness of ripples breaking on Channel sand—aquamarine and pearl-grey with under lights of topaz—to the full sapphire of a sunlit Atlantic roller. For the man who has opportunities to observe them, the colours of precious stones may follow the water-hues, as owning much of the same principle of light contained and dyed within their body. Next may be put together in one order a host of objects comparatively opaque, but all capable of letting through something of daylight—sunlit grass; leaves such as the emerald of young lime or the fulvous rose of budding beech; insects' wings, from the nacreous tissue of the dragon-fly to the dusty pigment of the moths; next the order of non-transparent matter—gloss of birds' plumage, stains of moss and lichen, rusts in metal and ores in stone, and the aerial violets and blues of distant hills and shadowed woods. Last we may take the whole range of colour in flowers. It is not in single blossoms, cut and arranged in glasses, that the true quality of flower-colouring is to be discovered; but in masses of bloom, growing naturally with its own leafage under the open sky. The bluebell of the woods as a single specimen is of a rather pale violet, almost a mauve, with a darker streak of purer purple between the ribs of its bell; but as it clouds the copses and hedge-sides in May, amongst the green of its own leaves, it offers one of the cleanest and most tender blues in the whole scale, vivid and intense as a piece of sky.

There is a comparatively new strain of the Rock-Cresses or Aubrietias, the best of which is known as "Dr. Mules", whose small cruciform flowers are individually of a reddish violet—not, one would say, a "clean" colour—but when the plant is seen draping a stone wall, or mounded over rock-work, not in direct sunlight, its mass of deep purple is intensely pure and of almost startling force; perhaps there is no other known tint of a like depth of tone which can give such an impression of vibrant light. Large masses of the flower, in the proper illumination, are almost as much as the eye can bear; the plant is one which might be worth the attention of painters who concern themselves with the positive quality of colour.

There is a whole province of interest in the comparison of single flowers: in the matching, for instance, of the several scarlets of the anemone and the tulip; of the blues of borage, speedwell and gentian; but the full beauty of flower-colour depends upon the enhancements and reactions of a large body of blossoms growing naturally together, a broken surface of facets set at an infinite variety of angles and relieved upon the interstices of their proper green. An apple-tree loaded with bloom; a bank of sea-pinks; a tuft of violets cannot fail to show at first sight to the enquirer the meaning of flower-colour in the mass.

These rough divisions may be filled out with almost endless diversities of interest by an observer who cares to give a small amount of consistent attention to the subject. The more extended study of natural colour might produce in time several desirable improvements in domestic, if not in the fine arts. It would be something if we learned by comparison to abominate the dirty tertiaries, the jaundiced olives and muddy chocolates now known distinctively as "art shades", and to rate at their proper value all decorative architectural schemes which deal in large spaces of absolutely flat, uniform tint. In Nature's handling, all translucent colour is infinitely graduated, and all opaque colour is broken, faceted, a patchwork with interstices; she either washes with the subtlest fusion of tones, or stipples with unimaginable delicacy. A closer attention to her modes might help us to get rid of a world of soul-destroying hues in architecture, furniture and dress.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MAGYAR METHODS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I add a word in corroboration of what has been said on the subject of Magyar oppression? At the end of May last year I spent a few days on the southern slopes of the Tatra group of Carpathians. To the south-west, about Csorba, the population is Slovak, but a few miles eastward of them is a purely German district, the Zipser Komitat, inhabited by Saxon Germans (their dialect is still purely Saxon), descended from an ancient mining colony invited thither in the late Middle Ages. This district includes the little town of Poprad, the nearest station to Schmecks, which is the chief resort of visitors. Excepting the officials the population is almost wholly German, especially in the villages. Yet everything is being done to stamp out the German language, the schools being of course the principal weapon. I drove through several villages between Schmecks and Poprad, and all the notice- and sign-boards were in Magyar, only in two or three cases was the German designation (e.g. Schneider) added, though the village was as purely German as if it were in Silesia. My peasant driver said "Es wird mit Gewalt getan", and added that they would soon have to go to Breslau to learn their native language.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,
H. E. G. ROPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

173 Brownhill Road, Catford, London, S.E.,
14 June, 1908.

SIR,—In answer to "Scotus Viator", my denial that Hungary as a whole or even in greater part desires entire separation from Austria I repeat and emphasise. I do this with confidence because of the general impression formed on my mind as the result of much friendly intercourse with people of nearly all grades of society in Hungary. But let me say that in visiting friends there I have never been guided by political considerations, and I have been more concerned to study social life generally rather than political or religious differences.

In support of my statement I refer to a book on "The Hungarian Question" recently published by Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., which is accepted by all the Hungarians whom I have consulted as being a correct representation of their views, as I believe it is also of the majority of the Hungarian people. In that work the author declares that "independence in alliance with another State is (for Hungary) preferable to independence manifesting itself in isolation", and he concludes that "a sincere compromise which would respect the independence of both States and would settle any common affairs really on the principle of absolute parity is sure of success, because this new and honourable compromise is demanded by the interests of the dynasty, of Austria and of Hungary, as well as by international interests".

Let me quote further testimony to the same effect. In an article which appeared in the issue of "Hungary" on 1 April of the present year Count Albert Apponyi, the Royal Hungarian Minister for Education, used this clear and emphatic language:

"My strong insistence, my whole country's strong insistence, on her national independence does not in the least imply a will or a wish to break away from Austria. We mean to keep faith to the reigning dynasty; we mean loyally to fulfil our compact of mutual defence with Austria; in a word, what our forefathers agreed to as being an obligation freely accepted by Hungary we mean to adhere to, as honest men should."

"All we want is that equal faith should be kept with us, and that those equally binding enactments of the Pragmatic Sanction which make Hungary secure of her independence as a sovereign nation and kingdom should be fulfilled with equal loyalty." Can any statement be clearer than this?

Probably "Scotus Viator" cannot distinguish independence from separation; yet these are quite different political conditions.

That Hungary is already independent no one can deny who takes notice of the declaration in the law of 1790, which was confirmed on oath by his Majesty Francis Joseph at his coronation in 1867 as King of Hungary. The clause runs thus: "Hungary is a free and independent kingdom in no way subordinate to any other people or kingdom, and is to be governed by its lawfully-crowned King, not according to the custom of the other hereditary dominions, but according to its own rights and customs." I prefer to accept this legal assurance of the venerable monarch rather than the erroneous opinion of an anonymous correspondent. On this point no more need be stated.

The allegations of ill-treatment of the Slovaks by the Hungarian Government have been so completely refuted by Mr. Yolland and others that it would be quite superfluous to do it again. But I will just remark that if the figures given by "Scotus" respecting the displacement of Slovak, German and Ruthenian schools by State schools are correct, they merely show that those sub-nationalities have found the alteration advantageous. In the case of the Germans and Ruthenians it can also be said that the change has been made with their willing consent. The Hungarian Ruthenians have always been on good terms with the Magyars. Yet they have just the same rights, privileges and duties as the Slovaks, Magyars and all the other components of the Hungarian nation.

That the Germans are not unfriendly is shown by the fact that the bulk of their Parliamentary representatives during recent sessions have voted with the Hungarian Government. The Slovaks were also peaceably disposed until the enemies of Hungary sent emissaries among them to stir up strife, and also secured the services of foreign journalists.

Were judgment to be formed from your correspondent's letter only, readers might think that Magyar is the sole language of instruction in Hungary. To correct this probable impression let me state that in Hungary there are 1,665 schools where two, three and even four languages are used as educational media, and in 3,154 schools the Hungarian language is not used at all for this purpose. This is because the authorities desire that all elementary scholars shall be taught in their mother-tongue.

"The present (Hungarian) Ministry of Public Instruction does not consider the exclusive nationalisation of elementary education either necessary or opportune." "The (Hungarian) State does not establish State schools except where the religious denominations, or local authorities, are for any reason either unwilling or unable to secure the education of the masses."

"The nationalisation of elementary schools belonging to any religious denomination is not carried out except at the express voluntary request of the managers, and even then only if the competent ecclesiastical authorities have given their consent. Consequently, there can be no talk of 'nationalisation by force'."

The above quotations are from the excellent monograph on "Education in Hungary" which can be had gratis and post free on application to the Director of the Educational Section at Earl's Court Exhibition.

The study of that book will, I believe, convince all reasonable people that the Hungarian Government is doing a great and good work under very difficult conditions in striving to give the people of Hungary, of all nationalities, a thoroughly good education by which they will be better equipped for taking part in the struggles of life.

In conclusion I suggest that it will be obvious to most people that if any Hungarian subjects—whether Slovaks or not—are foolish enough to be induced by emissaries from other lands to engage in seditious practices which tend to imperil the integrity and authority of the State, they should not be surprised when conviction and punishment overtake them. In seeking to protect national interests the Hungarian Government is doing no more than the British Government has often done, and is now doing.

Why should "Scotus" denounce the one and not the other?

W. H. SHRUBSOLE.

THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE AND CATHOLICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

University of Edinburgh, 9 June, 1908.

SIR,—To the onlooker, who has read the article "Faith or Fatherland?" or who has studied the transactions of the United Irish League, it would seem that the criticism in your issue was entirely justified; but in view of the attitude adopted by Manchester Catholics, at the recent bye-election, I would endeavour to show that they only acted consistently with the tenets of Holy Church.

I believe that I am correct in saying that outside matters concerning Catholic faith or morals, priests must eschew politics. They, as the voice of the Church, teach us to believe that their mission is purely in the interests of our life hereafter, and that these matters do not concern them, and hence they must not take an active part.

This is only common-sense policy, for they are able to and do alienate the sympathies of many Catholics by taking an active part in politics, and by voicing their opinion at times and at places in matters (with the aforesaid exception) of which they are not entitled to speak, and so take an advantage which their position does not warrant.

Has any priest heard this not very comforting criticism by the faithful: "Oh, he is a very holy man, but he is a Paddy!" That priests should be so indiscreet, is no argument; and if they only received greater check from those whose duty it is to deliver it, many of us would feel matters might be corrected in time.

Thus it is shown that the Irish United League is not Catholic in spirit. Witness the storm of abuse that has risen last week at its meeting.

They expected to find Manchester "politic", and they have found it truly Catholic. Witness the characteristic manifesto of Dr. Casartelli. He surely knows the purpose wherefore he is Bishop of Salford. Home Rule does not interest him or else he lies. Not so with the League. Because, at this juncture Home Rule is not to be got, consistently with true Catholicism, they round on the Church.

But by their deeds so shall you know them. And so by their cowardly and selfish attack these men have proved themselves to be Catholic only in so far as their material benefit is concerned. Let no man in future tell me that the United Irish League is a body Catholic in spirit; for they have proved themselves to be a wrangling lot of time-servers.

I am your obedient servant,

ANGUS MACDONALD M.B.

PUTTING ON THE CLOCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 June, 1908.

SIR,—I gather from your article with the above heading that you think the Increased Daylight scheme supremely ridiculous; but will you kindly explain to me, Why the clocks are to be altered secretly? Why there need be changes in Bradshaw? or difficulties on the frontier worse than those on any other frontier where there is a change in the time? Why the people who like late hours need alter their breakfast? And how those men "who keep private clocks to regulate their affairs" propose to catch their trains or keep their appointments?

Yours faithfully,

HELEN HESTER COLVILL.

THE KING'S VISIT TO THE TSAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 St. Augustine's Road, Camden Square,
London, N.W., 16 June, 1908.

SIR,—Without desiring to reopen the precise questions as to why the King visited the Tsar and whether he ought to have visited him, it is surely permissible to differ very strongly from many of the sentiments and inferences contained in the latter part of your article on the subject.

There is growing up in England just now, and fostered by your admirable REVIEW, something worse, as it seems to me, than the old English pharisaism in regard to the course of politics abroad, and that is a sort of involved and elaborate cant about "correctitude". The slightest expression of humanitarian sympathy with oppressed peoples not our own is invariably met by the "mote and beam" argument. Now there is an element of humbug in this assumption of Scriptural authority beside which the oftentimes wrongheadedness of Armenian reformers, Congo agitators, Pro-Boers, &c., appears quite an honest and creditable ebullience of human feeling. Your reasoning, if it amounts to anything at all, amounts to this: that until Mr. O'Grady and the sentimentalists generally can turn round and survey an England and a British Empire in which all trace of moral, political and economic injustice has been swept away, it is unwise and unjust of them to taunt the Governments of foreign Powers with perpetuating evils to which we ourselves are not entirely strangers. What should we think, you say, if Russia were to retaliate and cast India and Ireland in our teeth? Well, Sir, I imagine that there is a very considerable section of our people for whom, on this occasion, Mr. O'Grady was the spokesman, whose withers would be most perversely unwrung if Russia did; and who, meanwhile, will most cheerfully and conscientiously perform that office themselves. If the advice to keep our sympathy dry for downtrodden nationalities came from a party conspicuous for its zeal to set our own house in order—in Ireland, India, England, London, anywhere—there might be something in the plea for toleration. A man honestly trying to reform himself is none the worse, perhaps, for keeping a blind eye turned to his neighbours. But the blind eye in England to-day directs its penetrating gaze not only on the wrongs of the Russian peasant but on the wrongs of the English peasant also. Not to attempt to extract the mote from our brother's eye may betoken a virtuous reticence. When it co-exists with an almost fierce desire to retain the beam in our own, it looks as if we deliberately preferred darkness to light.

The attitude of mind, moreover, which is capable of representing the Tsar and his Ministers as engaged in a kind of holy war with anarchy and treason (treason to what, for goodness sake?); of regarding the "internal dissensions" of the Russian people as something akin to moonlighting raids in Ireland, and Bloody Sunday as a Slavonic festival not to be understood by our pharisaical prejudice, is, surely, like Voltaire's Habakkuk, "capable de tout". The old jaunty cynicism of the SATURDAY REVIEW is more intelligent and more readable than this sort of thing. At any rate the international financial ring displayed no undue hesitancy to understand the situation as it affected them. The cause of money is instantly responded to when a people is to be further enslaved. The psychological identity of alien capitalists is a mark, perhaps, of the growing brotherhood of the world. It is as well, though, that the friends of freedom should keep a watchful eye on this branch of the brotherhood, and that is why we have welcomed the protest of the Labour party.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

B. R. CARTER.

"TABLES OF STONE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Orford, Suffolk, 11 June, 1908.

SIR,—Nothing comes easier to the modern critic than to don the trappings of an encyclopædic knowledge and thus arrayed, paragraphically and without stooping to disputation, to dismiss any author under the sun as an ignorant shallow fellow blundering clown-like at the antipodes of all serious men. Such an antic, while it puffs the bosom of the critic and sets him in a transfiguring nimbus before the eyes of his editor, suffers in this single particular that it neither instructs the author nor enlightens the general reader. Unless, therefore, journals are conducted after the manner of some delightful nursery magazines, for the gratification of the contributors with the certain hope of a sixpence from indulgent parents, such a criticism is a sheer waste of labour. It is not for the public. The normal

Englishman who lives in Butler's world where "things are what they are", seldom mistakes opprobrium for argument or permits himself to acquiesce in a verdict pronounced without reasons. Even the Goats of the parable are to have good reason given to them for the indignation of the Judgment Seat.

Will your critic, then, desert those insubstantial transitory heights from which he beholds with an immense pity the "worthy souls who have made England what She is", not to argue with, but to illuminate, the painful author who has sought your judgment? If only from a wandering accession of the ideas of our vulgar and terrestrial fairplay, will he step down for a moment into the street, breathe common air, rub elbows with the aforementioned "worthy souls", and tell a poor devil of an author on the fringe of that great multitude, why he should be kept at pole's length from the lowliest foothills of Parnassus?

To narrow his labours will he tell me why the philosophy by which John Diver gets a European reputation is so provokingly shallow? I have discussed that same thesis with some of the first minds in England, Germany and France; I have heard it debated by men of a rare intelligence and therefore of a profound and Socratic modesty; but never yet did it strike upon my soul that this earnest wrestling of human thought with the most distressing of political problems was a matter to be dismissed by any educated or reflective person as something shallow and "supramundane". If it is indeed so, I do most faithfully assure you that by instructing me the critic will be also illuminating "a little corner of rationality" more worthy of his light. Let me encourage him to help humanity.

I would, with humility, put your critic in remembrance that Carlyle, however shallow his philosophy, gained a European reputation. Also, with humility, I would rehearse to him that Carlyle by his egoism broke the heart of his wife. Now, I shall not quarrel with your critic if, giving reasons, he calls Carlyle a shallow philosopher; but if he calls him a prig, as he calls my hero a prig, then I shall be tempted to go so great a journey from my present opinions as to share with Miss Corelli her burning convictions concerning the intellectual and moral condition of anonymous critics. I had hoped, nay I had prayed, that the last ignominy to befall my blundering giant, under the world's coarse thumb and finger, was to be called, by a critic, a prig. I am so sore wounded as to cry out with a bitter lamentation: "Oh, to love so, be so loved, and so mistaken!" I think your critic owes me reparation. I think he might even undertake so vast a penance as to go back a week in his judgments and reconsider that unworthy censure.

As for the scorn of metaphysics in novels, does your critic lay it down to writers of novels that religious experience is not so important a concern in the life which it is their vocation to mirror as—shall we say, the immoralities of married women, the achievements of detectives, or the brutalities of the slums? Is religion not of the web and stuff of human existence? Is it to be ruled out of books telling the story of mortal life? Did man's immemorial search after God and God's search after man come to a sudden terminus with the publication of Bayle's Dictionary? The impatient sneer against the "religious novel" is easily levelled, but the figure of David remains a more engaging study for the inquirer after human experience than Mrs. Tanqueray. Your critic, unless he dismisses all religion as a superstition or holds that the commerce of God with humanity is the monopoly of a few theologians everlastingly at loggerheads, will find it hard to demonstrate why a cloth should be hung over at least one-half of the mirror which art holds up to human nature.

Believe me to be

Your faithful servant,

HAROLD BEGBIE.

[Mr. Begbie's suggestion that we belittle religion is beside the mark as a comment on our notice of his story; as a charge against us it does not matter. Our point is that serious things must be taken seriously. We did not say that no novelist can rightly handle these hard things, but that Mr. Begbie cannot.—Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

COINS OF THE EASTERN EMPIRE.

"Catalogue of Imperial Byzantine Coins in the British Museum." By Warwick Wroth, Assistant Keeper of Coins. 2 vols. London: Printed by the Trustees. 45s.

THE magnificent series of coin-catalogues issued by the Trustees of the British Museum has made a new departure. Though the Ancient Greek section of the Museum Collection has been almost completely finished, nothing had appeared hitherto on the equally important Roman section, save a single volume dealing with the "medallions" of the Early Empire, which can hardly be reckoned coins at all. This, after a long interval of years, has been at last followed up by two splendid tomes dealing with the whole Lower Empire from Anastasius I. (A.D. 491) down to the fall of Constantinople before the Turks in 1453. Seventy-five admirable plates of photographic reproductions make the text easy to follow.

The importance of this issue consists not in the mere cataloguing of the very rich collection of the British Museum, but in the long preface of a hundred and seven pages by Mr. Wroth. Since Sabatier no one has written at any length on the coinage of the Byzantine Empire, and Sabatier has long been out of date. His collection of types was incomplete, and many of his attributions had been justly doubted. Yet there was no book hitherto to supersede his compilation, which was meritorious enough in 1862, the year of its publication, but had become a very inadequate manual, both for the historian and the coin-collector, since the revival of an interest in Byzantine studies during the present generation.

Sabatier, like the laborious Cohen in his "*Monnaies de l'Empire Romain*", founded his classification on the distinction between gold, silver and bronze in the coinage of each monarch. This was a wholly erroneous system, since coins of every date and every mint of an emperor were mixed up. It was very confusing to a student who desired to arrange the issues of a long reign—such as that of Augustus or Basil II.—to find pieces differing from each other by forty years in date placed side by side, because they were of the same metal, and separated from those of the same period which happened to be struck in a different metal. Mr. Wroth has undertaken the very serious task of distributing the whole of the Byzantine series under its mints, and has thereby let in a flood of light upon its character. The student or collector used to be puzzled by the extraordinary difference in fabric, art, and purity of metal in coins struck by the same emperor. We now see that this difference resulted from the fact that the metropolitan mint of Constantinople was often issuing beautifully engraved pieces of full weight, while Carthage was putting out semi-barbarous issues of fair metal, and Ravenna or Rome producing coins which were not only of bad art but of inferior purity. In the seventh or eighth century the Italian solidi of the empire were often of such bad gold that we are driven to call them electrum, while silver, pouring out in quantities from the Constantinopolitan mint, had ceased to be struck at all west of the Adriatic. It will be remembered that in the contemporary coinage of the Germanic kings of the West, the Merovingians, Lombards and Visigoths, silver had disappeared in a similar way.

The sorting out of the coins of the provincial mints of the Byzantine empire is rendered of extreme difficulty from the gold and silver having no proper mint-marks. Wherever struck, the solidus and hexagram bore the inscription *CONOB*, as if all had been issued at Constantinople. It is only by the fabric, art, and purity of the issue that the local coins can be disentangled from those of the central mint. Yet when the distinction has been made, the attribution becomes certain: we see that all the thick globular gold pieces come from Carthage, the pale badly-engraved ones from Italy, and so forth. This once discovered, we find that the character of the coinage of the peoples who conquered

the various provinces of the empire fits on to that of the type used by the imperial authorities at the moment of the conquest. The early Saracen coins of Africa are fat and globular, because the Carthaginian mint had been issuing pieces of that fabric in A.D. 698. The Lombard dukes of Benevento issued their coins in pale gold, because the mints of Ravenna and Rome were doing the same at the moment when the Beneventan coinage began. In short the divagations of the mints of the outlying nations of the Mediterranean world are explained by the existence of previous provincial anomalies within the empire. Even the coins of the great Caliphs of Bagdad show strong traces of Byzantine influence, though their character is complicated by the early Saracen mint-masters of the East having before them the thin flat Sassanian coins of Persia as well as the issues of Constantinople. The fabric of their dinars and dirhems was a compromise between the two—though the names of both coins were purely East-Roman, representing the old denarius and drachma.

When the often barbarous provincial coins are put aside, the whole series of Byzantine coins seems much more pleasing to the eye than many students had thought. It was the intermixture of the pieces from the outlying mints which had lowered the artistic effect of the whole. Those who please may now follow out the whole change from late-Roman to mediæval art on the imperial coinage. This was effected by a long decay followed by an equally long rise in beauty, till Byzantine art was at its prime in the tenth and eleventh centuries. From the date of the death of Justinian down to the accession of the Iconoclast emperors, in the early eighth century, there is a period of rapid decline, whose lowest point is reached about the middle of the Heraclian dynasty, though the worst coins of Maurice (582-602) are almost as ugly as those of Constantine IV. (668-685), when art was probably at its very lowest. A distinct improvement begins with Leo the Isaurian, whose best solidi seem to show that he galvanised the mint as much as the army of the empire. But it was under the Basilian dynasty that the Byzantine coinage attained its highest merit: the busts of Our Lord and the Virgin which form the almost invariable type of their reverses being usually very beautiful and dignified pieces of work, while the imperial effigies (especially those of the period following Basil II.) are often striking, if somewhat hieratic, portraits.

All goes to pieces with the coming of the Turks and the deadly blow inflicted on the empire by the battle of Manzikert (A.D. 1071). From that date the purity of the solidus, which had remained absolutely undebased at the metropolitan mint since Justinian, disappears, and at the same time the art displayed upon it loses all its strength and vitality. If we had lost all our chronicles, and had only the coinage before us, it would be possible to deduce, from the change in the money alone, the fact that some dreadful disaster had happened to the empire about the year 1070. As Mr. Wroth writes: "With the accession of Alexius I. there is a decided change for the worse with regard to mechanical execution. Double-striking, due to the shifting of the dies, seems to become the rule and not the exception at the imperial mint, and it is on the reverse—the side bearing the sacred image of Christ or the Virgin—that the most flagrant instances of such carelessness occur. Details of costume are less delicately treated: the figures have either a bizarre appearance, or are so stiff and wooden as to recall the primitive age of Xoana in prehistoric Greece. There is little real invention or free play of the artistic spirit." At the same time the metal of the gold solidus became one-third copper—the silver was degraded into billon—and the Byzantine currency ceased to be received all over Europe and to form practically its whole gold currency, simply because the Western nations could no longer depend on its weight or purity. The piratical crusade of 1204, which put an end to the continuous history of the empire, only completed a national bankruptcy that had begun a hundred and thirty years before.

HEREDITY.

"Heredity." By J. Arthur Thomson M.A., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. London: Murray. 1908. 8vo. 9s. net.

IN the immense and manifold advance of Science, with its penetrations into more and more recondite regions, each with its vast and growing bibliography, we increasingly need the guidance not only of the specialised investigator, the generalising thinker, of the all-embracing librarian and bibliographer, the omnivorous reader, but of someone who combines and overlooks them all. Of this encyclopædic process and of its most efficient producers, the German professors, of their influence in our British Universities also, no better illustrations need be sought than the work and the author before us. The subject is one of the most recent and rapidly growing fields of biology, and its exponent is one of the most learned of living—certainly one of the most widely read of British—naturalists, who for twenty years has been turning out standard abstracts and reports of researches in many directions, writing summaries, criticisms and encyclopædia articles without number, condensing these into manuals and text-books, and setting them forth also in attractive and yet trustworthy popular volumes. This book combines all this experience, all these qualities, and thus at once takes its place as a standard manual and work of reference on Heredity. It is in fact a vast encyclopædia article, in which all the aspects of the subject are presented in orderly fashion and from many points of view, always with the historical development of each, and with its varying controversies summed up with clearness. Concrete facts and their abstract interpretations alike are clearly presented and parallelised, so that the too empiric descriptions of most working naturalists and the too abstract argumentations of most evolutionary theorists here correct each other. Every reader brings to the study of heredity some personal recollections, also, it may be, some anecdotes of strange transmissions of likeness; and here are more strange stories than ever, but now with their evidence carefully scrutinised, their interpretations critically balanced. Biologists increasingly see that the progress of their science must be estimated not only in quantity, from the increase of the concrete observations and illustrations with which its literature abounds, but still more in quality, from the clearer diagrams, the more lucid schemes, into which these matters of observation can be generalised, and their interpretation presented; and of this progress this book affords many and excellent illustrations. As this process goes on, of simplifying yet deepening the concrete multiplicity of form and life into their essentials, the biologist approaches the level of thought-intensity of physicists and mathematicians. It is indeed within this very study of heredity that the biologist is finding his way into mathematics, and the mathematician into biology. Galton and Karl Pearson are thus not only in themselves complementary types, but the leaders of two increasing movements, those of eugenics and biometrics, and each increasingly responsible to the other.

Nor does Professor Thomson's survey end here. The general exposition and the detailed defence of Weismann's theories, the explanation of the epoch-opening work of Mendel, are all that can be desired. Most readers, however, will be impatient to reach more familiar and more directly human problems, since of all the fields of biology none more than heredity stands in close and obvious relation to both individual and social life, to our personal and our general problems; and these, though briefly treated, are well opened. Not only breeders of plants and animals, but hygienist and physician, parent and child, woman and man, will all find much that concerns them; and even if the conventional politician, parson or teacher may still see little in such a discussion, the statesman, the divine and the educationalist will all think differently. This too brief final social chapter is in fact one of the best in the book; and while we may regret its brevity, it is fair to recognise that this has been largely of set purpose. He holds and insists that we must not only fully master our Darwin, but be

at home in the long and laboriously argued controversy of Spencer and Weismann (in which our writer is of course all for the latter); that beyond these we must follow De Vries through his complex enquiries and assimilate Mendel's illuminating method and conclusions; nay, that we must await investigations beyond these in all directions before we can safely venture upon the practical action into which less patient students of eugenics would already have us go. But can the world be expected to wait for this? Is it even desirable? Must we not in this matter, as in all others, proceed from life to science, as well as from science to life? *Vivendo discimus*.

Few naturalists know better than Professor Thomson how biological theories have constantly been derived from social: he surely therefore cannot permanently shrink from this mode of treatment of his own problem. Endowed with the psychological insight, the social interests, the ethical warmth he once and again fails to conceal, is he not the very man who might throw new light upon the heredity problem, and this in some of its highest applications? Could he but pause in his life of voracious acquisition, might he not now soon work out the essentials of a new volume in complementary perspective, and in bolder applications also—social and ethical, psychological and educational, hygienic and medical? Is not this indeed what he set out to do; to interpret the transformation yet persistence of living nature, and to relate this to that maintenance of all those high processes and qualities of life which constitute the race of man?

Here indeed is well-nigh all we positively know of heredity; and thus no doubt it is the book we need, perhaps first of all; yet in some ways it makes it all the more obvious that the book of heredity still remains to be written, and its mysteries unravelled, above all that of the evolution of hereditary likeness itself. But for this we need some fresh and higher standpoint than Professor Thomson's and the investigators' whose labours he so fully inherits, so faithfully accumulates and transmits. They constantly speak of heredity as the normal process, the constant factor, and of variation as the abnormality, the mystery to be explained. But variation is of the very essence and element of the life-process, and it is rather its acquirement of comparative fixity in species and in individual succession which is the greater marvel. Again, is this really a valid convention, by which biology and psychology are always kept in water-tight compartments, in different university faculties, and for the most part investigated by different and incompatible workers? This separation is indeed no longer seriously defended: on each side it is admitted frankly enough, indeed strongly affirmed, that biology knows of no living body without a psychic aspect, without psychosis of some kind, for that were mere corpse, as mind without body is mere ghost. But if so, why continue these studies so separately, with biology thus for the most part mere necrology, and psychology so often mere phantomology, and this where "spirits" are not at all in question? If the life-process, even in the simple protozoon, have at once, as Professor Thomson himself teaches, a subjective as well as an objective aspect, if we thus do not know of even the simplest biosis without psychosis, why need we shrink any longer from recognising life as bio-psychosis, or, it may be, as psycho-biosis, indeed from discerning it as the yet complexer interaction of these processes, each twofold, an interaction in ever-varying measure? Professor Thomson may say that he knows this; he may recall how many biologists have claimed to be monists, and indeed in this book he reminds us how observers and thinkers of many schools, Hering and Haeckel, Ribot and Samuel Butler, have all pointed out that organic heredity and subconscious memory have to be correlated. But this must be done far more fully and far more freely than our present too necrological convention allows. This, be it noted, is no vague vitalism; it is a corollary inevitable from and applicable to whatever view we may hold of the relation of organic and psychic processes, while the conventional treatment, however it may admit this in principle, omits it in practice. Thus we must sooner or later break beyond the bounds which our fathers have set for us, but which Professor Thomson still

practically maintains, and proceed to treat our biological and our psychological view of evolution together. Passing comparisons of organic heredity with memory and with instinct, of organic variation with aptitude and initiative, with impulse and genius, are not enough. We must not be content till we can compare these constantly, comprehensively, and in detail, in due scientific fashion. Why do we not already do this? Why does not Professor Thomson? Partly no doubt it is because we still lack an adequate method for comparison, a scientific notation, for a parallel treatment of the objective and the subjective life. But the moment we can enter upon such comparisons and see life as a whole in both its aspects, we shall be face to face with a new renaissance of Lamarckism, and this from its deepest levels. This doctrine no doubt English naturalists hold in contempt, and Germans in horror; but on these reunited lines of bio-psychology, it has still far more to say for itself than Professor Weismann and Professor Thomson, satisfied as they are with too easy victories over the simplest Lamarckism or even Mr. Spencer's restatement of it, have ever realised. With all Professor Thomson's wide reading and practised criticism, these remain on German and English lines essentially; and, like the authorities he follows, he does not take the same trouble to keep in touch with French thought. One of its latest products, perhaps at present its highest, Bergson's "*L'Évolution Créatrice*" is indeed cited, but for a minor point only, though "as a remarkable book". But when the significance of such a fresh standpoint, such new treatment, such far-reaching conclusions, come to be realised by naturalists of Professor Thomson's knowledge and power, the restatement of the heredity problem will be at hand, and indeed with it the rewriting of most of our current biology also; hence of Thomson's "*Heredity*" perhaps to begin with.

THE MARVELLOUS STORY.

"*The Roman Empire B.C. 29-A.D. 476.*" By H. Stuart Jones. "*Story of the Nations.*" London: Unwin. 1906. 5s.

WHEN this book arrived, when we perceived that someone had dared to treat the life of the Roman Empire as an incident in the story of the nations, a volume to make up a publisher's series, we were moved to dismiss it as an insolent ambition or at best an honest delusion. To tell in a few pages "the story which no ancient historian knew how to tell, and which modern historians are only beginning to learn", the story of the mighty order that replaced republican anarchy and gave the world a security that allowed a world-wide civilisation to grow up, whose principles underly and are still the girders of modern life, to pass in review the men who did this, to give a clue to how they did it and how they were able to do it—this seemed an attempt a sane man could hardly make. So compelling, however, is the fascination of the Roman Empire that we could not help reading the book, and, having read it, we are bound to say that the attempt has been justified. In fact, Mr. Stuart Jones has done a very great feat. Evidently he had doubts himself, as anyone knowing even half what he knows of his subject must have, of his competence for an apparently impossible task; and we think he must be very much surprised at his own success. It shows what grip of a subject with a right attitude towards it can do. This book may be taken as the first fruits of the labours of the great pioneers in historic research, who, scraping off the thick layer of republican rhodomontade, have piece by piece restored to modern eyes the Roman empire as it really was. That which was habitually held up—as it is now by some half-educated public men—as the awful example now stands as the great object-lesson in good government for all time.

There is a gain in having a long story told very briefly, if only the teller has the gift to compress and not to abridge. Abridgments are anathema—the rags after the essence has been taken out. But reduction leaves the proportions true and the life in them. Putting down Mr. Stuart Jones' book, one can carry in one's

head the whole marvellous story—look back on it as a whole, trace it up stream and down stream, as no ordinary mortal can do after going through the details of Mommsen or Gibbon. But it is not a book for those who come to the matter with blank minds or even with a very little knowledge. One who had never thought about Roman history would certainly put down the book with a feeling that the Roman empire was just a series of bloody murders and barbarian incursions. He would not realise the order, the security, the great Roman model that persisted all around in spite of all the violence and apparent anarchy on the surface. We are not sure that even Mr. Stuart Jones does not give too much, though not much, attention to mere incidents of the court. Forty years ago they would have filled the whole book!

The great—we should rather say the greatest—political problem that stands out from the story is the insoluble one—how to combine continuity with individual excellence in the head of the State. The Roman Emperor had to be the real ruler of the empire—the ablest man for the work. This is not compatible with hereditary succession. Hence with the death of a strong emperor there was so often an hiatus; which was filled up by the survival of the successful soldier. On the whole, no doubt that did mean the survival of the fittest. But the process of selection was fearful and costly. Constantly one is tempted to chafe at the power of the soldiery, especially the prætorians: and yet when a really great man comes along, even a really strong man, he is able to keep them under. Usually he marks the opening of his régime by a stern restoration of discipline. Why did the soldiers stand it, if, as we are sometimes told, the empire was ruled just by brute force?

Looking back over the whole story, and seeking once more the cause of the Western Empire's break up, we feel more strongly than ever that there is only one true answer—old age. It was on the whole a natural and inevitable process of dissolution. Life was gradually failing. You might as well ask why a vigorous old man gradually gets weaker. It is surely a fallacy to attempt to put the hand on any specific cause of decay. Mr. Stuart Jones seems sometimes to be a victim of the fallacy of wisdom after the event. He knows what did happen, that the empire did break up; and so thinks he is able to see the sowing of the seed of decay in a change here or a change there. Is not an effect begetting his cause for him instead of begotten of it? It is a pity he indulges in the loose phrase "free government" or a free régime. Freedom is not a matter of the franchise. Had the Roman world been under a "free government" its day would probably have been much shorter than it was. The Roman Empire died, like everything in this world; but look at its life as a whole, and nothing yet has the world shown to match it. The only greater thing there has been is the march of Christianity.

THE CHÂTELAINE OF LES ROCHERS.

"*The Queen of Letter Writers.*" By Janet Aldis. London: Methuen. 1907. 12s. 6d.

THE letters of Madame de Sévigné have charmed many a generation and will charm many another. Their fame is in part due to their picture of the Court and Salons of the golden days of the Grand Monarque. But they owe their immortality chiefly to the genius of their writer, whose perception of men and things was as keen as that of Jane Austen, and who combined a sparkling wit with a kindly temper and genial heart.

The present biography is in the main based on the letters, and is an excellent piece of work. The chief figures in our Marquise's domestic story, her uncle the business-like Abbé de Coulanges, her cousin the scandal-loving Bussy, and her daughter the not altogether amiable Madame de Grignan (whom before her marriage the bad Bussy called the "prettiest girl in France"), are admirably portrayed. The political and literary history of the age is also charmingly told, and there are some good pieces of descriptive writing—for instance, in the account of that tragic fête

at Vaux that proclaimed the glories and heralded the fall of Nicolas Fouquet, surintendant of finances. Our author is however less satisfactory when she deals with religious subjects and discusses the Breton "States" and the Breton insurrection of 1675. As to religion, had Madame de Sévigné read the book we fancy that she would have remarked to her biographer: "Parlons un peu de M. Nicole". Nicole is in fact mentioned several times, and a word is said of the Marquise's Jansenist sympathies. But we should not guess from these pages how much the letters have to tell of Pascal and Port Royal. The author however seemingly knows little of this theological controversy. We are actually informed that Port Royal—which, as most educated people are aware, lay in the valley of Yvette, between Versailles and Chevreuse—was the "headquarters of Jansenism in Paris". Then as to Brittany. Amid her woods and gardens of Les Rochers the Marquise spent many of her happiest hours. But Breton politics and society she despised. She was of course not Breton by birth, and if she could not have the Court, she liked the solitude of her woods. It was well however for posterity that once in a way she made up her mind to endure the "fracas" of the Breton "States" and to give us the brilliant picture of this assembly at Vitry. The lighter sides of the famous gathering are well described. We hear much of the Duc and Duchesse de Chaulnes. We have a picture of that great banquet to the notables given amid the sound of violins, hautbois and trumpets, when the doors had to be made higher to admit the pyramids of fruit. We are shown moreover the gay dance that followed, at which (as Madame wrote) "Messieurs du Locmaria and de Coëtlogon danced some marvellous passe-pied and minuets with two Breton ladies in a style that was far beyond our best dancers at Court".

But of the Breton "States" Miss Aldis gives us a false idea. "They were not", she says, "a political power." They were enough of a political power to annoy every ruler of France from Louis XIII. to Louis XVI., and indeed their resistance to the administrative measures of Louis XVI. was one of the proximate causes of the French Revolution. Similarly with the great Breton insurrection of 1675. We are not told that the sudden occurrence of a religious revival due to Jesuit preaching was the chief cause that induced the insurgents to lay down their arms. Yet Madame de Sévigné brings out this fact with great clearness: "Nos pauvres Bas-Bretons, à ce qu'on nous vient d'apprendre, s'attrouperont quarante, cinquante, par les champs et dès qu'ils voient les soldats, ils se jettent à genoux et disent *mea culpa*." But what can a writer know of Brittany who tells us that the "good Duchess Anne" was married to Charles VI. (!) of France? We have felt it right to mention these defects, but they are trifles compared with the debt that we owe our author for her generally accurate picture of her heroine. We see in these pages the Marquise as she in truth was—a "précieuse", but a "précieuse" of the Hôtel de Rambouillet in the days before the Fronde, when the word was a compliment, for it implied nothing worse than "sweetness and light". We realise too that while Madame de Sévigné was a good woman she was neither saint nor reformer nor prude; but just a kindly and gifted lady, who took her world as she found it and enjoyed its contemplation. This writer of letters, indeed, has given pleasure to many generations, because she was in sympathy with her own time.

NOVELS.

"The Angel and the Author—and Others." By Jerome K. Jerome. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1908. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Jerome is an author who invites our pity. He does not want to be writing the books he writes. He wants "to sit in an easy-chair and dream about the wonderful books I am going to write, if only a stupid public would let me". The stupid public prevents him, one imagines, by enjoying liberally the books he writes. Mr. Jerome's objection to that liberality may be part of the humour which he purveys with so little satisfaction

to himself, yet it is always melancholy to hear a man of letters deploring the quality of the stuff which he unloads on the market, not the less so when he pleads rates and taxes as a reason for living the lower life. One shares Mr. Jerome's regrets, because one likewise shares a belief in his capacity to do better things than he does. But one cannot believe it is the rates and taxes that prevent him. The successful writer who reproves the bad taste of the public must remember the share he has had in creating that taste, or at least in fostering it. So long as he is a failure he may denounce it as he pleases, but he cannot have it both ways with his own multiplied editions. Even in this last book of his, and while deploring the inaccessibility of the higher life in literature, Mr. Jerome shows what are the real detaining influences by a repeated tendency to force the humorous note with a word or a phrase which will appeal to the vulgar. The fault is not with the stars, but with ourselves, that we are—successful humourists.

"A New Cinderella." By Fred Whishaw. London: Long. 1908. 6s.

When the heroine of a novel is thus described, the reader's sympathy is at once enlisted. Mary Jellibee is a Cinderella in real life, with a pair of vain and vulgar though not wholly bad-hearted sisters, a selfish mother (called Ma), and a Pecksniffian father (Pa) who ruins his family by failing to distinguish other people's property from his own. Here was opportunity for "coming out strong", and Mary took it. "How Pa and Ma produced a saint like you", says Ruby Jellibee to Mary, "I don't understand; we three others are their children all right, but you don't belong". This remark, pointed if crude, throws light both upon Mary's unselfishness and upon the modes of thought and expression current in the Jellibee family. Mr. Whishaw has cleverly caught the tone of manners and speech prevailing on a lower plane of suburban life, but has mercifully made Mary and her kind old friend Mr. Wallis superior to their surroundings. Her lover George Weedman, a modern version of the industrious apprentice, is not a sympathetic character. Indeed he is so laboriously dull and uninteresting that it can only be supposed that his creator meant him to be so. However, by comparison with the other young men of his set he is a shining exemplar of most of the virtues. But Mary is the book's redeeming feature. For Mary's sake those may be induced to persevere with the story who might otherwise have been checked by the general atmosphere of commonplace; may even endure to the finish the love affairs of the maidens who make the gardens of "The Palace" their hunting-ground and the youths who every morning take the 9.1 from Norwood Junction.

"Before Adam." By Jack London. London: Laurie. 1908. 6s.

There is an apparent incongruity in the fact that this story of rudimentary man should be written in modern American, but, when one reflects, there is not such a wide gulf between the ethics of the primitive jungle and the ways of American politics and journalism. Mr. London postulates the survival in a modern man of a very distinct recollection—in dreams—of his prehistoric ancestor's life. He objects to the theory that this implies metempsychosis, and is content to claim that occasionally in an individual the racial memory of the unconscious self may be so strong as to recreate a record thousands of years old. Herein his hero differs from Mr. Kipling's clerk, who had once been a Viking. He also improves on his models by going back to a period at which the ancestors of man had not developed articulate speech or any social bond. His text is almost that of Hobbes—that man's life in the state of nature was nasty, brutish, solitary, and short. The cave-dwellers from whom Mr. London's hero was descended were very nearly apes, but held themselves to be a cut above their tree-dwelling neighbours. On the other hand, they were persecuted by a superior tribe which had discovered fire and invented the bow and arrow. They could communicate emotions, and were on the way to communicate ideas, but were very far below the pastoral stage, and probably centuries before the

first idea of agriculture. In fact they were disagreeable animals, and, though Mr. London has read enough about evolution to make his story plausible, there is little pleasure to be derived from it.

"The Daughter." By Constance Smedley. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

Quite entertaining are the adventures of Delia, who left her affectionate but Conservative parents to come to London to work "for the (socialistic) principles she believed in". Finding, however, that she had "no knowledge of any social subject", she joined the "Neo-Suffragists". We like the candour of this almost as much as we admire Delia for writing to a rich and unsympathetic bachelor—a total stranger—to demand ten thousand pounds for the "Woman Movement". If she had advocated the feminist cause with Miss Smedley's brightness and good humour we are afraid he would have sent the money straight off, and we should have missed a fantastic story and never have learnt that love at first sight has actually dared to show itself at a suffragist meeting. But then Delia was like "a Romney come to life". It is the chief merit of this book that old, old truths belonging to a pre-feminist epoch do still live amidst its "advanced" atmosphere. There is much talk of "liberty"—for women, of course; yet every now and then we fancy we discern the author's consciousness that service may be perfect freedom. Miss Smedley has a kindly sympathy too with the old-fashioned parents, who are ultimately converted to the true faith; and the final tableau shows us Delia, the ideal wife, reading fairy stories to her three babes in the afternoon and addressing mass meetings at night. Miss Smedley is a writer of pretty fairy stories herself.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Lord Kelvin." By Andrew Gray. London: Dent. 1908. 2s. 6d. net.

In a sense it would be impossible to describe or estimate the full extent of Lord Kelvin's scientific work. But so far as it can be made intelligible within anything like a reasonable compass this book is admirable for scientific students. We lay emphasis on this class of readers, for it is only those with a good knowledge of mathematics and physics that can hope to read more than a comparatively small portion of the book. This memoir is by Professor Andrew Gray, the successor of Lord Kelvin in the Natural Philosophy chair of Glasgow, and his object has been to do what the ordinary literary man would be unable to do—to give an account of Lord Kelvin's scientific life and work. There is much personal information about Lord Kelvin which admirers of his genius may read with great pleasure, but the book is not intended to be a biography. Professor Gray's general statement of the character of Lord Kelvin's genius and the significance of his theoretical and practical work may also be read with profit by any intelligent person; but on the whole the book is for the elect. It happens this week that Lord Rosebery has been speaking at Glasgow to the students, and the intellectual and moral character of Lord Kelvin were the real text of his speech. The concluding sentences of Professor Gray's book we may quote as a supplement to Lord Rosebery's remarks: "Like Newton—and indeed like all great men—he stood with deep reverence before the great problems of the soul and destiny of man. He believed that Nature, which he had sought all his life to know and understand, showed everywhere the handiwork of an infinite and beneficent intelligence, and he had faith that in the end all that appeared dark and perplexing would stand forth in fulness of light." This for the end of Lord Kelvin's career. An anecdote of the beginning shows how from the first he was recognised as being above other men. The Moderators for the mathematical tripos of Kelvin's year were Ellis, who had been senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman, and Goodwin, who had been second at the same time as Ellis. Goodwin became Bishop of Carlisle and wrote a life of Ellis. In this memoir he says: "It was in this year that Professor W. Thomson took his degree; great expectations had been excited concerning him, and I remember Ellis remarking to me, with a smile, 'You and I are just about fit to mend his pens.'" Yet Thomson was only second Wrangler, though he did win the Smith's Prize from the first, who was afterwards the well-known Dr. Parkinson of St. John's.

"Yorkshire Vales and Wolds." By Gordon Home. London: Black. 1908. 7s. 6d.

The most characteristic features of Mr. Home's book are the twenty coloured pictures of scenes and buildings, which he describes as painted by himself. They seem to us to be a

complete falsification of the tone and atmosphere of the parts of Yorkshire which Mr. Home writes of with a pen that is as sober and grey as his brush is tawdrily bright. Take the sketch of Stonegate in York. It is totally impossible. The pervading tone of York is grey; there are no such blues and greens and yellows to be seen in York, we venture to assert, either by day or night or at any season of the year. In the picture of Kirkstall Abbey the fields are the colour of the mustard-pot, and no self-respecting cattle would crop its herbage. Such colours are hardly more startling than those in the picture of Sheffield by night, which have at least the merit of presenting an effect not unknown to those who have seen the lurid scene by night, the only time of the day when Sheffield is not unutterably ugly and squalid. Mr. Home professes that he deals with South Yorkshire in this volume. In fact he leaves almost entirely out the West Riding. He touches on Sheffield as we said, but he tells us nothing of the great vale of the Don, with its castles and abbeys. Are there no vales and wolds either round Halifax, for instance, which are characteristic of Yorkshire scenery, though they would not take very kindly to Mr. Home's colour-box? In short the book is very sketchy, and it wanders only over the ordinary show places which are easily described. York and Pontefract and Haworth and Kirkstall and Beverley have had all said about them scores of times; and if they have "appealed" to Mr. Home, as he says, "on account of picturesque or association with historic events and great personages", this means only that they have presented facilities for an ordinary piece of book-making. The book is uninspired by any intimate personal observation or description giving it literary distinction or charm; though as an ordinary gift-book it is in appearance an attractive volume.

"The Cradle of the Deep." By Sir Frederick Treves. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 16s. net.

It is perhaps a little astonishing to find Sir Frederick Treves among the globe-trotters who cannot resist the temptation to write a book on an ordinary trip overseas. Let us hasten to add that he speedily justifies himself. There have been many books written on the West Indies, but few that were worth a moment's consideration in regard either to style or subject-matter. Sir Frederick Treves' is not one of them. It is the work of a keen observer who is able to express his thoughts in picturesque English, his superiority to the split infinitive notwithstanding. Surely few places in the British Empire are better calculated to appeal to one with Sir Frederick's qualifications. The West Indies reek of romance, and the spirit in which he approaches his subject is shown by his preface. "In the proud romance of the sea, in the ocean songs and epics, in the sea stories which have been told and retold to generations of British lads, in the breeding of stout-hearted men and the framing of far-venturing ships the [West India] islands have been no less than the Cradle of the Deep." He gets a first effect out of the contrast of London in mid-December with its murky sky and muddy streets, and the bright sunshine, the flowers and the foliage of the Antilles; buccaners, explorers, and great captains, Dampier, Hawkins, Drake, Rodney, and Nelson are among the dramatis personæ of the story he has to tell, and the incidents alternate between the convulsions of nature—he has a vivid account of Kingston after the earthquake—and the crash of great fleets in the struggle for world empire.

"Queen Victoria as I Knew Her." By Sir Theodore Martin. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1908. 3s. 6d.

A recent book about Queen Victoria raised a remarkable question about the publishing price: this one will hardly do
(Continued on page 796.)

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the same. We imagine that not even the most important literary critics would take exception to the price at which Sir Theodore Martin has produced his book of reminiscences: three-and-six is a very modest sum. It is a book which shows us afresh the Queen in the kindly, homely light; her simple goodness, constant loyalty towards friends. We do not know that Sir Theodore Martin adds much to what the public already knows about Queen Victoria, but one can understand why he has brought out this little work, his natural desire *ἀληθεύειν ἐν ἀγάπῃ*. It is impossible, however, to take his verses as poetry. They rhyme and they scan perhaps, and their sentiment is admirable. Beyond this no critic with the least conscience could possibly go.

"The Law relating to Income Tax." By Arthur Robinson. Second Edition. London: Stevens and Sons. 1908. 25s.

Mr. Robinson's book is admirable for the arrangement of its complicated subject-matter, and this is one of the greatest merits in a law book which has not so much to be read as referred to. When the schedules and the sections which have come before the English, Scottish and Irish Courts are reached, the cases relating to the persons chargeable, the mode of assessment, the deductions and all the very difficult points that have arisen, are annotated and summarised, so that nothing is left to be desired for practical purposes. Mr. Robinson fulfils his design of making the Income Tax Acts readily comprehensible. In an Introduction he has given an explanation of the principles and an account of the history of the Acts which are interesting reading. It is almost forgotten now that in 1874 Mr. Gladstone promised to repeal the income tax, and that actually in the following year Sir Stafford Northcote reduced it to twopence in the pound, the lowest point it has ever reached.

"York and Selby," "Falmouth, Truro and the Lizard," "Aberystwyth and Neighbourhood," "Hastings to Bexhill" and other Guides. London: Nelson. 1908. 6d. each.

Pedestrian, cyclist or motorist will find these handy volumes of service when touring or staying in particular districts. "Nelson's Guides" are apparently largely made up from Baddeley's series of "Thorough Guides", and for local purposes contain all the information that the average visitor needs. Some of them give two maps, and they are cheap only in regard to price.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Juin.

M. Mézières has a good article on the letters of Queen Victoria, who, he says, gave the highest expression to the three qualities which are the principal mark of the English middle classes: the sentiment of duty, robust good sense and the cult of family life. M. de Wysewa returns to Mr. Churton Collins' work on Voltaire and Rousseau in England, and endeavours with some ingenuity to defend Rousseau against Mr. Collins' strictures, though he does justice to the thoroughness of Mr. Collins' researches.

THEOLOGY.

"The National Church: Essays in its History and Constitution, and Criticisms of its Present Administration." By H. Hensley Henson; with an Introduction by J. Llewelyn Davies. London: Macmillan. 1908. 6s.

"Christ and the Nation: Westminster and other Sermons." By H. Hensley Henson. London: Unwin. 1908. 5s. net.

What, according to Canon Henson, are to be the marks of the National Church? It will be Episcopal—in parts; but its Bishops will assure Nonconformist ministers that Episcopacy does not matter, and that they are welcome to preach in our pulpits, while Anglican clergy may minister in their chapels. The author tells us with pride that he has been admitted to Communion in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; and he would like to receive members of other Protestant bodies to Communion in our own Church, as the Prayer Book rubric on the necessity of Confirmation is only binding on English Churchmen. Nonconformist ministers therefore are to share our pulpits and services; whether they are to share our endowments is not stated. Further, the National Church will not waste time on daily services; it will discard "obsolescent, if not obsolete" Prayer Book rules. It will marry deceased wives' sisters, as Parliament has sanctioned such marriages; on the marriage of divorced persons Dr. Henson's trumpet gives a rather uncertain sound. In religious education it will gratefully accept whatever the reasonableness of a Liberal Government offers it. But the abuses it will set its face against are ritualism, asceticism, and episcopalianism. It will suppress those retrograde and mediæval Sisterhoods, with their vows and discipline; it will be Protestant to the backbone; it will frown on High Churchmen and Ritualist clergy, for they are unlearned, intolerant, of the narrowest opinions and most meagre abilities, a fanatical coterie, a sacerdotalist minority. Canon Henson does not love his brother clergymen, least of all the Bishops; and most dangerous even of them is the Bishop of Birmingham, for he is guilty of sacerdotalist socialism. We tremble as we read these awful charges, and take refuge in the

theory once upheld by an Oxford tutor, that Bishops must be of the esse of the Church, as they certainly do not contribute to its bene esse. Some of the sermons in the second volume, however, are on more general topics, on the principles of national life and morality; and here Canon Henson, though he is usually denouncing something, is at his best. He is not above uttering an occasional truism; but he wraps it up in a fine-sounding sentence, and his obvious earnestness is impressive.

"The New Theology and the Old Religion; being Eight Lectures, together with Five Sermons." By Charles Gore. London: Murray. 1907. 8s. net.

The New Theology is rather like Christian Science; it takes a few profound truths and works them for more than they are worth; it presses them so far, and regards them so exclusively, that in the end it has to deny other truths also fundamental. A wise criticism therefore will be careful to acknowledge and welcome what is true in the New Theology before it proceeds to point out what is false; and such has been the Bishop of Birmingham's aim. The addresses he has here collected form a very useful presentation of the Catholic faith in the light of modern views as to the facts of life and the meaning of religion, and they will help many a bewildered Churchman to see that he can accept scientific and philosophical truth without surrendering his creed. The Bishop is a good theologian and a scrupulously honourable controversialist. His weak point is his style; he tries to be simple and impressive, but only succeeds in being heavy; no doubt he is too busy and too much in earnest to spend much time in polishing his sentences, but he might try to be less didactic and authoritative; at present he treats his hearers as if they were children, and not very good ones: he has anything but a winning way with him. Rightly he would scorn to pose as a popular preacher—he may leave that rôle to the New Theologians; but he would win more hearers if he tried to persuade them.

"Fundamental Christianity." By Barton V. E. Mills. London: Masters. 1907. 1s. net.

Mr. Mills offers quite a modest contribution to the subject of Modernism; but to average untheological laymen—and it is to these he addresses himself—his little book ought to be of real benefit. He does not set himself to demonstrate the falseness of the Modernist position, or to prove the truth of the whole Christian creed, but simply to ascertain what that creed was in Apostolic days; how much was regarded in New Testament times as necessary for every Christian to believe. He arranges the data of the New Testament in their historical order, from the earliest specimens of Apostolic preaching to the latest pronouncements of the fourth Gospel; and he gives an account of the various books, their probable dates and the circumstances which called them forth, which is admirably simple and clear. He then shows us what was regarded as *de fide* among Christians when these books were being written, concluding that so much and no more must be regarded as binding now. Here of course difficulties begin; the liberal critic argues that the Apostles were sincere but occasionally mistaken; the High Churchman that Episcopacy, though not the same as Apostolic government, is a necessary sequence from it, and therefore of the esse and not simply of the bene esse of the Church. Mr. Mills is a conservative in criticism but not a High Churchman; yet readers who may be more advanced than he is in their Church doctrine will thank him for coming with them so far.

"The Appearances of Our Lord after the Passion: a Study in the Earliest Christian Tradition." By H. E. Swete. London: Macmillan. 1907. 2s. 6d. net.

A simple statement of the Gospel truths is sometimes the wisest apologetic; and no Christian can read Dr. Swete's beautiful pages without feeling his heart burn within him and his faith grow stronger. We take it that the ordinary man is not at first disturbed by the variations in the accounts of our Lord's Resurrection; they appear, if he is conscious of them at all, as the normal, almost inevitable, discrepancies which occur when people are independently describing the same incident, an incident marked by hurry, excitement, and rapid movement; and, on the whole, so far from weakening his belief in the main fact, they rather strengthen it. But when the discrepancies are pointed out, emphasised and tabulated, by an able critic, they look formidable; they may easily seem more formidable than they really are, and the transition from careless faith to exaggerated doubt is a quick one. To any who are in this state, or are in danger of falling into it, Dr. Swete's book will be valuable, not only from its intense religious earnestness but from the masterly simplicity with which he arranges the facts and tells the tale of the Resurrection morning. The difficulties shrink to their natural size, and a multitude of coincidences are seen, many of which would escape the notice of anyone who had not been trained in the Cambridge school of patient and minute investigation; and yet Dr. Swete, though a scholar, is no pedant, and a child could understand and appreciate his book.

(Continued on page 798.)

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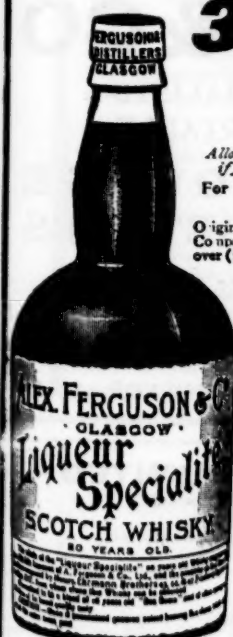
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"Canon and Text of the New Testament." By C. E. Gregory. (International Theological Library.) Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1907. 12s.

A book on the Canon and Text of the New Testament by such an author raises expectations; there is no scholar alive who has such claims to speak on the latter of these subjects as Dr. Gregory, no student who has devoted so much time and ability to the investigation of the text, and to first-hand study of the manuscripts; the fourteen hundred pages of his Prolegomena to Tischendorf's Greek Testament are a lasting monument to his learning and marvellous ability. And yet, strangely enough, he has been more successful in the first half of the present book than in the second. He treats the history of the Canon in a way that is both interesting and illuminating; partly from the enthusiasm with which he approaches his subject, partly because he does not take too much for granted in the reader, but starts with him at the very beginning. A man who was entirely ignorant of the question could understand every page of Dr. Gregory's book—or nearly every page; for his style is not of the clearest, and when he quotes from early documents he is capricious in his employment of italics and inverted commas, so that it is sometimes hard to tell where the quotation ends and his own comment begins. What conclusion will the reader gather from these chapters? We believe the right one. In a sense there has been a Canon of the New Testament from very early times; but in the sense of an authoritative list, formally sanctioned by the whole Church and binding on the whole Church, we may doubt whether there has been a Canon at all. Most scholars now are agreed that, with the exception of the Apocalypse and some of the Catholic Epistles, practically all our New Testament was recognised as inspired and authentic from very early, if not from the very earliest, times; whether the Fathers were mistaken in their judgment is another and deeper question. But Church writers would express their doubts of this or that book fearlessly, and without dreaming that they were setting their private opinion against the decision of the Church universal; and none of the oecumenical councils occupied themselves with formulating a list of the canonical books, probably because they regarded the list as practically settled; in a word, the Canon was not made, it grew, and grew very soon. The study of the Canon is closely bound up with a study of the text, and there is a tendency for problems to shift from one sphere into the other; a reading that formerly would have been dismissed as belonging to an uncanonical Gospel is now labelled "Western text". Dr. Gregory therefore is quite right in treating the two subjects in the same volume; but just this department, which is so peculiarly his own, is where he shows to least advantage. His description of the great uncials α and β , and his account of the life and labours of Tischendorf, are indeed as good as anything that has been written on the subject; but in his treatment of the less important Greek MSS., and still more of the versions, he is hasty and unsatisfactory. It may be that he was feeling tired; or that towards the end of the work he discovered that he must abbreviate, if he was to bring it within the limits allowed by the publishers; but anyhow the work has suffered, and the student will rise from it with a feeling of disappointment; fortunately he can find always consolation in Dr. Kenyon's delightful book on the same subject. May we in conclusion draw Dr. Gregory's attention to the fact that the word "diocesan" on page 137 is wrongly used? It means a bishop, not the clergy under a bishop; and we must protest against the word "separatist" on page 157.

For this Week's Books see page 800.

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The consolidated registered stock is issued in virtue of the Acts of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, 55 and 56 Vic. cap. 50, sec. 15; and 59 Vic. cap. 47, sec. 29.

It forms part of a total authorised amount of £654,480, of which about £499,374 has been issued.

Interest will be payable by Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co. on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year, by warrants, the first warrant for six months' interest being payable on 1st January, 1909.

The stock is redeemable by half-yearly drawings at par within 65 years from the 1st January, 1897, and the next half-yearly payment for stock drawn, in which the stock offered will participate, will be made on the 1st January, 1909.

PRICE for the DEBENTURES, £97 10s. per cent.

PRICE for the CONSOLIDATED REGISTERED STOCK, £91 10s. per cent.

Messrs. COATES, SON & CO., with the authority of the City of Quebec, and on behalf of contractors for the above described debentures and consolidated registered stock, will receive applications for the same, payable as follows:—

DEBENTURES.

£100 per cent. on Application.
£97 10s. per cent. on 30th June, 1908.

£97 10s.

CONSOLIDATED REGISTERED STOCK.

£100 per cent. on Application.
£91 10s. per cent. on 30th June, 1908.

£91 10s.

Applications in cash, on the forms marked "A" and "B" issued with the prospectus, for the debentures and consolidated registered stock respectively, must be accompanied by a deposit of £10 per cent. on the amount applied for, and forwarded either to Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., or to Messrs. Coates, Son & Co.

The 6 per cent. debentures maturing on the 1st July next will be accepted at their par value as the equivalent of cash. Holders of such debentures who decide to exchange their debentures for the new issue of 4 per cent. debentures will receive £100 debenture and £2 10s. in cash for each £100 of the maturing debentures, and must lodge their debentures on the 1st July coupon with their applications on the form marked "C," either with Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., the Clydesdale Bank, Limited, or Messrs. Coates, Son & Co.

Holders of the debentures maturing on the 1st July next who decide to exchange their debentures for stock will receive at their option consolidated registered stock at the rate of £100 3s. 6d. for each £100 debenture deposited, or £100 of stock and £3 10s. in cash, and must lodge their debentures on the 1st July coupon with their applications on the form marked "D," either with Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., the Clydesdale Bank, Ltd., or with Messrs. Coates, Son & Co.

The following figures are based on information supplied by the city authorities:—

1. The Assessment of the City is based on the Rentals of Assessable Properties, the total value of such Rentals amounting to	\$1,693,000
2. This rental value capitalised at 4 per cent. would amount to	\$42,325,000
3. The total amount of the City Debt, including the Debentures now about to be redeemed, is	\$8,576,000
4. The City possesses Water Works and other properties, amounting to	\$7,000,000
5. The Revenue of the City in 1907 was	\$812,000
6. The Expenditure of the City in 1907 was	\$798,000
7. The Population of the City is about	75,000

The maturing 6 per cent. debentures not offered by the holders in exchange for new debentures or consolidated registered stock will be paid off on July 1st, 1908, at the Offices of the Clydesdale Bank, Ltd., 30 Lombard Street, E.C., and must be left with that bank three clear days in advance for examination.

Copies of full Prospectus and Form of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co., 6 Lombard Street, E.C.; the Clydesdale Bank, Limited, 30 Lombard Street, London, E.C.; or from Messrs. Coates, Son & Co., 99 Gresham Street, E.C.
18th June, 1908.

THE

"ARMY & NAVY CHRONICLE"

(Established January 1900. Reconstituted January 1905)

An Illustrated Record of
Monthly Events in the Two Services.

It is published on the 15th of each month except when that date falls on a Sunday, when it is published on the 14th.

It can be ordered through any Newsagent, or will be sent direct from the Office if required.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List will open on Monday, June 23, 1908, and close on or before 12 o'clock, on Wednesday, June 24, 1908.

THE RIO DE JANEIRO TRAMWAY, LIGHT, AND POWER COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada, and carrying on operations under special privileges granted under Decrees of the Federal Government in Brazil, the Governments of the State of Rio de Janeiro, and the Municipal Government of the City.

SHARE CAPITAL issued and fully paid, \$25,000,000.

BONDS { \$25,000,000 5 per Cent. First Mortgage 30-Year Gold Bonds
\$3,500,000 5 per Cent. 50-Year Mortgage Bonds.

THE BANK OF SCOTLAND and THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

are authorised by the Contractors for this Issue to offer on their behalf, and to receive applications for **£900,000 5% 50-YEAR MORTGAGE BONDS at 80%.**

In denominations of £100 each being part of the £3,500,000 of Bonds mentioned above. Payable as follows:

£5 per cent.	On Application.
£11	on Allotment.
£27	on November 2, 1908.
£37	on December 1, 1908.
£80 per cent.	

Any Allottee may, on or before July 15 next, pay up in advance the amounts payable in respect of the Bonds allotted to him, and on so doing will be entitled to receive in respect of every £100 Bond a Coupon for £1 1s. 8d. payable on October 1, 1908. Allottees desiring to pay up in advance after July 15, and prior to October 1, 1908, will be entitled to receive the said Coupon on paying the interest accrued from July 15 to the date of payment. Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on overdue instalments.

The first full half-year's Coupon in respect of the Bonds now offered will be paid on April 1, 1909.

The issue of £3,500,000 Five per cent. 50-Year Mortgage Bonds is created under the authority of the By-laws of the Company and is secured by a Trust Deed in favour of the National Trust Company, Limited, of Toronto, Canada, dated April 1, 1908. Under the terms of the Trust Deed the Bonds are (subject only to the above-mentioned First Mortgage Bonds of the Company) constituted a specific charge on the concessions and immovable property of the Company, present and future, and all Shares, Stocks, Bonds, and Securities of other Companies now or hereafter owned by it, and a general floating charge upon all other assets and property of the Company. The Trust Deed provides that on the Company depositing certain additional Securities with the Trustees the Bond issue may be increased by the amount of the par value of such Securities.

Provision is made by the Trust Deed for the redemption of the entire Bond issue by the year 1938 by means of annual drawings at par, or purchase of the Bonds at or below par, commencing in the year 1918. The Company has the right at any time, on three months' notice, to redeem the whole or any part of the Bonds at 105.

France 22,500,000 (say £900,000) of the Bonds have already been issued in France and Belgium, and it is proposed to reserve a further Frs. 21,500,000 for issue there.

Interest will be payable at the offices of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, London, half-yearly at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, on April 1 and October 1, by means of Coupons attached to the Bonds.

The following information is supplied by Dr. F. S. Pearson, M.I.C.E., President and Consulting Engineer of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company, Limited:—

Rio de Janeiro, Capital of the United States of Brazil, is situated on the East Coast of Brazil and is one of the most important parts of the South American Continent. In 1890 the City had a population of 50,000, which, in 1900, had increased to about 170,000, and at the present time is estimated at about 1,000,000. The area of the Federal District of Rio in which the City is located is about 431 square miles.

The Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light, and Power Company, Limited (hereinafter called the Rio Company), was organised under the laws of Canada. The Company's business is not limited to the City of Rio proper, but extends to the wider area of the Federal District and the State of Rio de Janeiro, and it now, through subsidiary Companies and otherwise, controls and operates:—

I.—POWER PROPERTIES.—The Rio Company is the owner in perpetuity of a Concession from the State of Rio de Janeiro, authorising it to construct hydro-electric plants and use the water of the River das Lages and also to divert the water of the River Pirahy which flows in a valley adjacent to that of the River das Lages. A power station at Rio das Lages is being constructed with a maximum capacity of 32,000 h.p., and it is estimated that this power can be increased at a moderate cost to 100,000 h.p. by the diversion and use of the water of the Pirahy River.

II.—TRAMWAY SERVICE.—This comprises the following Tramway Systems:—

(1) "VILLA ISABEL," (2) "SÃO CRISTÓVÃO," (3) "CARRIS URBANOS." These Tramway systems comprise about 130 miles of track and operate at the present time about 467 cars. Thirty-seven miles of these lines are being operated by electricity and the remainder with mules.

The systems are operated under a Municipal concession granted by the Municipal Government controlling the City and the Federal District, which confers the right to operate Tramway systems in the City of Rio de Janeiro and the Federal District until 1970, with a monopoly until 1940 in the respective zones in which the Tramways are situated. Various extensions of the lines have been granted by the Municipality, which will make a total length of 150 miles.

III.—GAS SERVICE.—The Company has acquired the control of the Gas Company of Rio de Janeiro, and through this Company is operating under a Concession granted by the Federal Government in 1904, which confers the exclusive monopoly until 1945 for the supply of gas for public and private illumination within the Federal District. The Concession also confers the right to supply electric energy for private lighting until 1915 with the exclusive right for this service until 1915, as well as the exclusive right to supply electric and gaslights for street lighting during the whole term of the concession.

IV.—ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER SERVICE.—An extensive system of underground canalisations has been installed in the City of Rio, and aerial lines erected in the suburbs and the Federal District for the purpose of distributing current for light and power throughout the City and suburbs.

All of these installations in Rio have been made under the authority of a Concession granted to the Rio Company by the Municipal Government under which the Company has the right, until 1950, to distribute electric current, generated by hydraulic force throughout the City and Federal District. This right, for the distribution and sale of current for electric power and lighting, is exclusive until 1915, subject, as regards lighting, to the rights of the Gas Company, which is controlled by the Rio Company.

V.—TELEPHONE SERVICE.—This is operated under a municipal concession expiring in 1928, which confers a monopoly for this service in the City and Federal District.

INCOME AND PROSPECTS.—While the amalgamation and work of development and construction in the City have been carried on the services have been operated under great difficulties, so that the best results have not been obtained, but, notwithstanding the drawbacks, the gross and net earnings from the operation of the Companies owned or controlled by the Rio Company during the years 1905 and 1907 were as follows:—

1906.		1907.	
Gross.	Net.	Gross.	Net.
£1,097,435 9 0	£300,544 13 4	£1,291,702 15 4	£437,210 0 7

The tramways of the Rio Company, as stated above, are only partially equipped for electrical operation, 35 per cent. of the total mileage being operated by electricity. In 1907 the total receipts of the tramways were £716,560 and of this £496,282 was derived by animal traction. The Villa Isabel line, the only electrical line in operation controlled by the Rio de Janeiro Company, was electrified in 1906, and its gross earnings during the month of January, 1906, were about £12,447, while in the month of December, 1907, the gross earnings were £21,338. The results of the electrical equipment of this line are an indication of what may be expected when the remaining 65 per cent. of the tramway lines are equipped.

The earnings of the Rio Company, as reported by cable for the first four months of 1908, are given below, together with an estimate of earnings for the remaining eight months of the year.

	1908.		1907.	
	Gross.	Net.	Gross.	Net.
First four months	£447,588	£161,575	£395,908	£120,851
Estimate for eight months to December 31	864,055	382,945	895,795	316,356
Total for year	£1,411,643	£544,520	£1,291,703	£437,210

The net income estimated above for this year is sufficient to provide the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds of the Rio Company and the interest on the Bonds of the subsidiary Companies, and leave a surplus of about £215,000, out of which: to provide £50,000, the interest on £1,500,000 of the 5 per Cent. 50-Year Mortgage Bonds of the Company, one-half of which have been sold on the Continent and the remainder are those now offered for sale.

The above estimate is based upon the operation of the Tramways under the present conditions. When all the Tramway systems are equipped electrically and the reconstruction of the gas plant completed, it is estimated by the management in Rio that the net earnings of the Company should be at least £90,000, which would, after the payment of all fixed charges on the subsidiary companies and the interest on the First Mortgage Bonds of the Rio Company, and the entire issue of £3,500,000 of the New 50-Year Bonds, which at that time may have been issued, leave a surplus of about £375,000. With the growth of the system this surplus should materially increase.

The Form of the Bond and the Trust Deed in favour of the National Trust Company, Limited, of Canada, securing the Bonds, can be inspected by intending applicants at the offices of the Solicitors, Messrs Linklater & Co., 2 Bond Court, Walbrook, E.C.

An official quotation on the London Stock Exchange will be applied for in due course.

Full Prospectuses (upon the terms of which applications will alone be received) and Forms of Application can be obtained of THE BANKERS, THE BANK OF SCOTLAND, Head Office, Edinburgh, 19 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.; and Branches: THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, 2 Lombard Street, E.C.; at the LONDON OFFICE OF THE COMPANY, 46 Threadneedle Street, E.C., or of the Brokers.

Dated June 19, 1908.

Trustees for the Bondholders.

NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY LIMITED, Toronto, Canada.

Board of Directors.

WM. MACKENZIE, Toronto, Chairman.	R. M. HORNE-PATNE, London, Vice-President.
A. MACKENZIE, Rio de Janeiro, Vice-President.	Z. A. LASH, Toronto, Vice-President.
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Bankers.

BANK OF SCOTLAND, Edinburgh and London.
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, Toronto, Canada, and London.

Solicitors.

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London: LINKLATER & CO., Bond Court, Walbrook, E.C.

Brokers.

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SPERLING & CO., Bond Court House, Walbrook, E.C.

The Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, LIMITED.

Sale of £900,000 (Part of an Issue of £3,500,000)
5% 50-year Mortgage Bonds of the Rio de Janeiro Tramway, Light and Power Company, Limited,

at 80% for each £100 Bond.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR BONDS.

To THE BANK OF SCOTLAND, 19 Bishopsgate Street, Within, E.C., or
THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, 2 Lombard Street, E.C.

GENTLEMEN,

I hereby apply for and request that you will allot to me £..... of the above issue of 5 per cent. 50-year Mortgage Bonds, and I hereby agree to buy, take and accept the same or any less amount thereof that you may allot to me upon the terms of the Prospectus dated June 19, 1908.

I enclose a remittance for £....., being the deposit which is payable on application at the rate of £5 for every £100 Bond applied for, and I agree to pay the further instalments payable in respect of the Bonds sold and allotted to me in accordance with the terms of the said Prospectus.

Ordinary Signature.....
Name (in full).....
(State whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address.....
Occupation.....
Date.....1908.

PLEASE WRITE
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